

SUNDAY • SHELDON BOUND FOR STATE 6A FOOTBALL CHAMPIONSHIP GAME, **SPORTS, C1**



Christmas parade ushers in season
CITY REGION, B1



Rose Bowl matchup: Ducks vs. Badgers
SPORTS, C1



A prosecutor's take on execution halt
COMMENTARY, D1



Vizme rethinks way to mix, play, share
BUSINESS, E1



Brian Lanker's 'portraits' of shoes
OREGON LIFE, F1

The Register-Guard

EUGENE, OREGON

DECEMBER 4, 2011

\$1.50

Called to Duty

A salute to our area's World War II veterans to mark the 70th anniversary of Pearl Harbor

By BOB WELCH
The Register-Guard

A 90-year-old man at Eugene's Ya-Po-Ah Terrace who hardly anyone knows once flew B-17s. A couple from Florence who figured their marriage in 1945 had a 30-day expiration date. An 86-year-old man from Harrisburg stalked by war for seven decades.

When the United States entered World War II 70 years ago this Wednesday, these and others answered the call of duty.

For nearly four years, the war lodged itself into the lives of Americans like nothing had before and nothing has since.

It changed lives. Took lives — 26 million worldwide. And infused lives with unspeakable horror.

"I pray you to believe what I have said about Buchenwald," radio newsman Edward R. Murrow said after touring the German concentration camp where 56,000 people, mainly Jews, were murdered. "For most of it, I have no words."

Against such gruesome discoveries, war also bonded soldiers together, chiseled character and widened horizons.

Whether people's experiences were horrific or humorous, in Europe or North Africa or the Pacific, on land, in air or on sea, World War II defined a generation that's rapidly fading. Of 16.1 million Americans who served in the armed forces during the war, only 12 percent are still alive.

Today, The Register-Guard begins a four-day series that profiles, through photographs and words, a small sliver of the men and women in Lane County who served. Who sacrificed. Who help bring understanding to a time like no other in the nation's history.



Robert Still, 90, served in the South Pacific as a naval hospital corpsman. He still looks sharp in his dress blues.

PAUL CARTER/The Register-Guard



The USS Arizona sinks in Pearl Harbor on Dec. 7, 1941, "a date which will live in infamy." The Japanese attack on the Pacific fleet thrust America into World War II.

DAY ONE OF A FOUR-PART SERIES

◆ Our salute to WWII veterans starts today and runs through Wednesday, Dec. 7, with stories and photos on Page A1 and a six-page special section inside each day's newspaper/**SECTION H**

 **More on the Web,** including audio slideshows, more photos and a video, at registerguard.com



Cain suspends his White House bid

Sexual misconduct charges derail his campaign, but he insists he's not going away

By SUSAN SAULNY
The New York Times

An unapologetic and defiant Herman Cain suspended his presidential campaign Saturday, pledging that he "would not go away" even as he abandoned the Republican presidential race in the face of escalating accusations of sexual misconduct.

"As of today, with a lot of prayer and soul searching, I am suspending my presidential campaign," Cain said at a rally in Atlanta, surrounded by supporters chanting his name. "Because of the continued distractions, the continued hurt caused on me and my family, not because we are not fighters. Not because I'm not a fighter."

In suspending his candidacy, as opposed to saying he was ending his bid, Cain, according to campaign finance lawyers, maintains an ability to accept money to pay for his campaign so far and potentially to finance the new venture that he called his Plan B: to travel the country promot-

Turn to **CAIN**, Page A8

INSIDE

◆ The two GOP front-runners offer striking contrasts/**A3**

U.S. agents launder drug cartel profits

By GINGER THOMPSON
The New York Times

WASHINGTON — Undercover U.S. narcotics agents have laundered or smuggled millions of dollars in drug proceeds as part of Washington's expanding role in Mexico's fight against drug cartels, current and former federal law enforcement officials say.

The agents, primarily with the Drug Enforcement Administration, have handled shipments of hundreds of thousands of dollars in illegal cash across borders, those officials said, to identify how criminal organizations move their money, where they keep their assets and, most importantly, who their leaders are.

They said agents had deposited the drug proceeds in accounts designated by traffickers, or in shell accounts set up by agents.

The officials said that while the DEA conducted such operations in other countries, it began doing so in Mexico only in the past few years. The high-

Turn to **AGENTS**, Page A8



Marines raise the U.S. flag atop Mount Suribachi, Iwo Jima, on Feb. 23, 1945.



Called to Duty

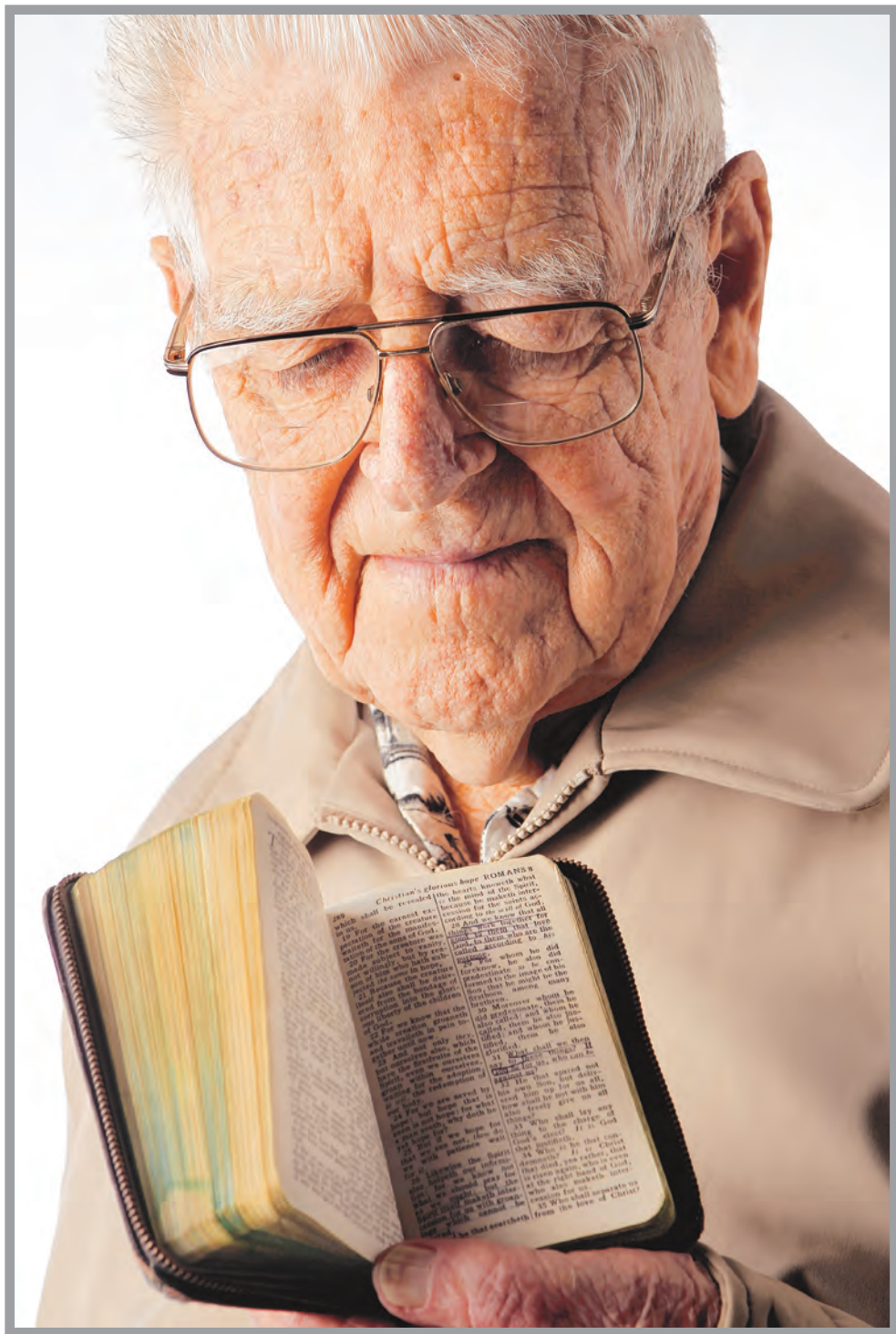
Our salute to local WWII veterans in commemoration of the 70th anniversary of Pearl Harbor

Sunday, December 4, 2011

A special section of The Register-Guard

Section H

'It was live or die'



Alton Wheeler

Age 89 | Hometown: Trent, Ore. | Corporal, 41st Infantry Division ("Jungleers"), 163rd Regiment | Army | Pacific | Two Bronze Stars

"Our first landing, we had a lot of combat. My best buddy got killed there ... and they pushed inland. ... The only way they could tell where the Japanese soldiers were was they could see the sun flashing off of the bayonets."

— ALTON WHEELER, SHOWN HOLDING THE NEW TESTAMENT HE CARRIED WITH HIM THROUGHOUT THE WAR

He remembers the conversation in 1942 that he had with his cousin, a traveling preacher. "I'll serve my country," Alton Wheeler told the man as they stood on the steps of the Creswell Church of Christ, "but I will not kill anybody."

It was that "thou shalt not kill" phrase from the Bible. At 21, Wheeler — a log truck driver from Trent, east of Pleasant Hill — took the word of God seriously. So did his friends and family. As a goodbye gift before he left for the South Pacific, 15 of them signed a pocket New Testament for him.

Then, seemingly overnight, he was in the bowels of a landing craft, grinding ashore at Biak, a small island off New Guinea. One of those South Pacific islands that nobody has ever heard of but that left nearly as many men dead — 6,100 — as did D-Day battles in Normandy.

For Wheeler, it had all happened so fast: Being drafted. Marrying his girlfriend, Louise, who was 17 at the time. The farewell, Louise taking the bus to Oakland, Calif., so she could see Alton for two hours in the middle of the night before he shipped out. "I cried all the way back," she says. Finally, the combat training in Australia.

Wheeler might not have wanted to kill, but after seeing his accuracy with an M1, the Army prized him as a sniper. He talked his way into being a communications guy. "An answer to prayer," he says.

The landing craft jolted to a stop. The gate moaned open.

"On the ride in, with all the battleship artillery and planes strafing the beaches, it was like the Fourth of July," he says. "Beautiful."

When the ramp lowered, not so much.

"Some guys got hit before they even got out of the boat," he says. "It was every man for himself."

The 41st Infantry Division, 163rd Regiment — the "Jungleers" — spent more time in combat than nearly any other American regiment of the war.

Their job? Arrive on the doorstep of an enemy that had been entrenched for months. Secure a beachhead, push into the jungles, run communication wire and then leave by boat. Four beach landings in 34 days, a dozen total.

His mantra was the same at each: prayer and words from the New Testament that never left his pocket: "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God... ." (Romans 8:28)

"You never knew whether you were jumping into three feet of water or eight," Wheeler says. "The beach was wide open. No cover. It was live or die."

Wheeler saw 58 days of front-line combat on a handful of islands, and, ultimately, saw Hiroshima after it had been leveled by the war-ending atom bomb. He remembers a horse and buggy seared into pavement; metal sign poles — because of the blast's intense heat — drooping like withered flowers; a city leveled except, oddly, for one building.

Months and thousands of miles later, at Fort Lewis near Tacoma, he ran into the arms of a waiting Louise.

"I was no hero," he says 66 years later. "The heroes are still there. They gave their lives for our freedom."

And Wheeler? "I never pulled a trigger," he says.

Epilogue: Alton Wheeler, 89, won two Bronze Stars. He spent much of his life driving trucks, and worked at an upstart Christian radio station, KMBC. He and Louise, who live in Eugene and attend Garden Way Church, plan to celebrate their 69th wedding anniversary on Dec. 16.



Alton Wheeler with his wife, Louise

Culver "Duff" Ross

Age 90 | Hometown: Boise | Lieutenant | Army Air Corps | Europe | Distinguished Flying Cross

Completed more than 50 missions as a navigator on a B-17 bomber out of Italy.



Ross in 1944



Taylor Ramsey

Age 94 | Hometown: Council Grove, Kan. | Corporal, 193rd Field Artillery | Army | Europe | Purple Heart

Gunner on a 155mm howitzer. Landed on Utah Beach on D-Day. Fought at the Bulge.

STORIES BY BOB WELCH
PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL CARTER
The Register-Guard

More at registerguard.com
-- Day One of a four-day series

View a slideshow of the veterans pictured here, along with photos taken during their time in the service

Listen to audio of many of the veterans as they recall their experiences during the war

Watch a video of a behind-the-scenes look at how this project came about

CALLED TO DUTY



Edgar Peara

Age 90 | Hometown: Moline, Ill. | First lieutenant, 1st Engineer Combat Battalion | Army | North Africa, Europe, Pacific | French Legion of Honor

Served in a combat engineer unit that spearheaded invasions in all three major theaters, from North Africa to Italy to Normandy to Okinawa.



Alvin Sorseth

Age 92 | Hometown: Sweet Home | Lieutenant | Navy | Atlantic

Pilot of a PV-1 Ventura flying anti-submarine missions escorting convoys over the Atlantic, from Nova Scotia to Rio. Shown holding his naval aviator identification.



Bert Dotson

Age 88 | Hometown: Eugene | Radio sergeant, 5th Army | Army | Europe

Used microphones to pinpoint the muzzles of enemy guns. Trapped near Bastogne at the Battle of the Bulge.



Warren "Wally" Wallace

Age 90 | Hometown: Marshall, Texas | Chief pharmacist's mate | Navy | Pacific | Bronze Star with Valor

Served at Guadalcanal, Tarawa, Saipan and Tinian.



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Rudy Madsen

Age 91 | Hometown: Hope, N.D. | Staff sergeant | Army Air Corps | China-Burma-India, Pacific | Distinguished Flying Cross

Completed 62 missions as a radio operator, gunner and bombardier on a B-25. Shown holding the Distinguished Flying Cross, and as he appeared in "Boy's Life" in 1944.





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Howard Zink

Age 88 | Hometown: Durango, Colo. | Corporal | Army Air Corps | Caribbean

Worked in meteorology in Cuba and Puerto Rico locating and tracking hurricanes.



Gerald "Jerry" Miller

Age 87 | Hometown: Dexter | Private first class, 83rd Infantry Division | Army | Europe

Fought in the Battle of the Bulge. Shown holding a German officer's dagger, a memento from the war.

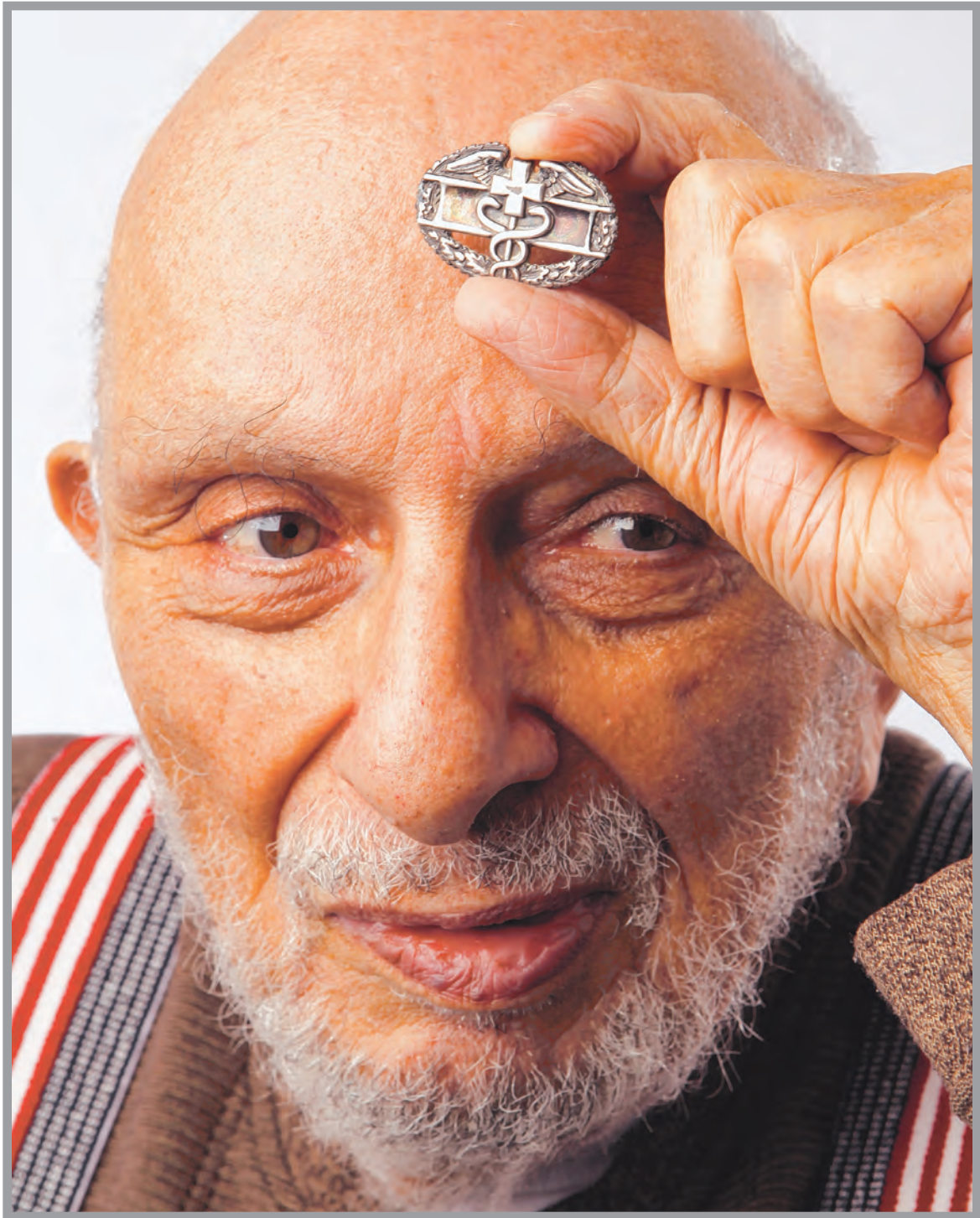


Bob Moore

Age 88 | Hometown: Pasadena, Calif. | Pharmacist's mate, YMS-333 | Navy | Pacific

Served in hospital stateside, then with Marines, then on a minesweeper in the Aleutian Islands.

'Freedom isn't free'



Fred Selko

Age 91 | Hometown: Brooklyn, N.Y. | Master sergeant, 398th Infantry Medical Detachment | Army | Europe | Two Bronze Stars

"On our helmets, we had a huge red cross. This was supposed to protect us. ... Those Germans used those red crosses for target practice for snipers. I had four men that were killed that way. And just almost dead center of those red crosses is where the bullet holes were. ... So being a medic wasn't all that easy because you were a specific target for the enemy."

— FRED SELKO

The enemy in World War II wasn't always the guy in the different-colored uniform camouflaged behind or beneath cover. Sometimes he was the guy in your own unit.

Fred Selko, 91, remembers a few incidents involving a man whom he flat-out called a "coward." "The minute the shooting began, he'd disappear," says Selko, a medic in the 398th Infantry that served in France and Germany. "Our platoon leader looked into the situation. 'Where the hell have you been?' he asks. Turns out the guy was deserting his position. There were cowards like that on the front lines."

The man, Selko later learned, was court-martialed and serving a 20-year prison sentence in connection with his desertion.

So, no, he says, not everybody who went to war was a hero. Nor is Selko suggesting he was one himself. But when you see the carnage of war and when your old-country father ignites you with patriotism when you are young, you have no patience for those who opt out.

"Desertion under fire is serious business," Selko says. "Me? I would have shot him. Why keep him warm? He's no damn good to himself or the nation."

Selko joined the Army long before Pearl Harbor triggered an enlistment rush — Sept. 30, 1938, nearly a year before Germany would invade Poland to start World War II.

In Poland, his Jewish parents had escaped the czar's anti-Jewish oppression, coming to America in 1905. "He was strictly Yankee Doodle," Selko says of his father. "A true, blue American."

But a person's integrity, he suggests, isn't defined by a uniform. Selko talks of wounded German prisoners in his care whom he treated "just like they were one of our own." And of presidents — Harry Truman and Jimmy Carter — whom he's never forgiven for pardoning what Selko calls traitors.

After the war, Selko was in New York. "And there, behind a counter, is the guy who I saw deserting our men," he says. "Turned out Truman gave amnesty to a bunch of prisoners and that SOB was one of them."

He shakes his head. "What we forget," he says, "is that freedom isn't free. It costs us. Cemeteries over there are filled with heroes. If you're not ready to fight for this country to remain free, you don't deserve to be free."



Fred Selko lifting an Army buddy

Epilogue: Selko, who won two Bronze Stars in World War II, spent his career in the Army, retiring as a machinist. He is the father of two adult children and has "a whole bunch" of grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

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CALLED TO DUTY



Robert A. Still

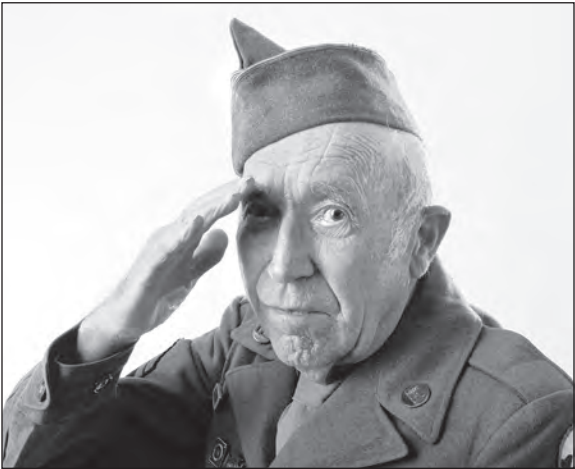


Age 90 | Hometown: Milton-Freewater | Pharmacist's mate first class | Navy | Pacific

Served in New Caledonia as a senior corpsman. Shown (left) as he looked during the war.

"When I was in one of the wards, I was in charge of the sailors that were burned. ... Burned to the bone, burned to the bone. They hurt so bad, even morphine didn't stop (the pain)."

— ROBERT STILL



Buford "Bud" Best

Age 90 | Hometown: Eugene | Technician fifth grade, 1276th Combat Engineers | Army | Europe

Made it all the way to Germany in combat engineers outfit.

"Sometimes it makes me feel good that I think I'm representing my friends who can't be here. To let people know it was a tough time."

— BUD BEST



Henry Voyles

Age 86 | Hometown: Mangum, Texas | Seaman second class, USS Independence | Navy | Pacific

Served aboard a light aircraft carrier. Shown pointing skyward as he recalls standing watches at sea in a crow's nest.

"I notice as I get older, this stuff starts coming back more. And now that I've lost my wife, it seems like I have more time to think about that."

— HENRY VOYLES



Ray Jensen

Age 86 | Hometown: Portland | Storekeeper first class, LST-500 | Navy | Europe

Manned anti-aircraft gun at Utah Beach on D-Day. His wife made bandages in Chicago.

"We were all 19 years old. ... One guy said, 'What we all have in common is we're a bunch of dumb, scared kids.'"

— RAY JENSEN, ON RECOLLECTIONS OF D-DAY



Mike Reuter

Age 89 | Hometown: Tacoma | Lieutenant, 509th Parachute Infantry Battalion | Army | Europe | Bronze Star, Purple Heart

Wounded at Anzio. Also fought in the Alps and at the Bulge. Shown (right) in Italy prior to parachuting into southern France in August 1944.

"We had 10 officers in our company, and the battalion had about 500 men. Within about four weeks, I was the only officer left in our company, and I only had 10 men. I led the last attack with 10 men."

— MIKE REUTER



Bob Mann

Age 87 | Hometown: Realitos, Texas | Corporal, 84th Infantry Division | Army | Europe

Served in a mortar platoon. Participated in the Bulge. Got within 30 miles of Berlin.

"That was a miserable time. You were so cold, you just didn't want to live anymore."

— BOB MANN, RECALLING THE WEATHER DURING THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE

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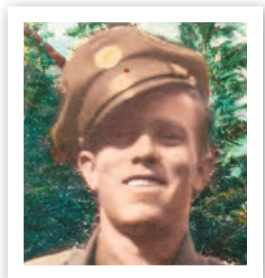
CALLED TO DUTY

Charles Altman

Age 86 | Hometown: Eugene | Private first class, 10th Mountain Division, 86th Regiment | Army | Europe | Two Purple Hearts, two Bronze Stars

“For years, I couldn’t remember hardly anything about it. And all of sudden I started having flashbacks ... then it all came back. I rolled out of bed one night, and I was looking for my rifle under my bed.”

— CHARLES ALTMAN



‘I was good at my job’

In some ways, it was no different than being back in the Coburg hills when the target was a deer: Conceal yourself. Stay steady. If possible, rest the barrel on a log or rock. Locate the crosshairs on the precise part of the body you want to hit — with a soldier, definitely the head — and gently squeeze.

Charles Altman was a sniper. His nickname was “The Shooter.” In early 1945, he notched 37 confirmed kills. He was part of one of the more celebrated fighting units in World War II, the 10th Mountain Division, 86th Regiment.

The 10th made the cover of Life magazine before they’d even shipped out. And when they returned, they spun off such successful folks as University of Oregon track coach Bill Bowerman, Sierra Club President David Brower and the developers of more than 60 ski resorts.

“Seldom has a division contributed more effectively to an offensive which has so decisively thrown German

forces completely off balance,” Maj. Gen. Crittenberger says in McKay Jenkins’ 2003 book, “The Last Ridge.”

They were guys who trained on Washington’s Mount Rainier and Colorado’s Camp Hale to ski, hike and shoot in the mountains of Italy. As such, athletes: guys with backgrounds in ski patrol, mountaineering, fishing and hunting. Hardscrabble guys.

Altman, 86, qualified. He was on the Willamette Pass National Ski Patrol. Shot his first deer at age 9, which, not coincidentally, was soon after his father had killed himself.

“I had to become the man of the house,” he says.

“I’d get a deer a month to keep us fed. Cut up the chunks. Bring it home on my bike.”

He joined the 10th Mountain Division when he was 17. The division arrived in Italy in January 1945, outfitted in white camouflage and using white skis.

The division fought on the “Gothic Line,” Germany’s last major defense

in the final stages of World War II in the jagged Apennine Mountains.

Altman’s job was to infiltrate the line at night and pick off soldiers here and there, then slip back to his unit. “If you miss, you’re dead,” he says, “because the soldiers might see you and fire back.”

He says he didn’t miss. “I was good at my job.”

What was it like, shooting a man for the first time instead of a deer? “Kind of upsetting, actually. I was almost sick to my stomach, to think I killed a man.”

But, he says, it got easier. Why? “Knowing I was helping my buddies and helping bring about what the war was all about: freedom. As I said, I grew up in a hurry.”

Less than a month into the push north against the Germans, his knee was shattered by a bullet. It was at night. The Germans sent up a flare to expose the men against the white snow. Altman tied his belt around his leg as a tourniquet and crawled back

to his patrol.

It was a ticket home. He arrived back in Eugene, resumed work the next day at an upholstery store, almost as if nothing had happened, as if the two Purple Hearts and two Bronze Stars were for something that didn’t exist.

In fact, he says after his surgery in the hospital, he essentially forgot about his entire slice of war.

Then, decades later, it all rushed back, like a dynamited dam. “My problem was what I’d seen, not what I’d done,” he says. “Buddies shot and killed, you know.”

It was symbolic that he’s lived his postwar life with a limp. Finally, tired of the pain, he decided to get counseling for the flashbacks.

At the time he was 80 years old.

Epilogue: Altman spent 43 years running Superior Upholstery & Furniture in Eugene, retiring in 1979. He is the father of four sons.



Glen A. Westfall

Age 91 | Hometown: Green City, Mo. | Technical sergeant, 320th Bombardment Group | Army Air Corps | North Africa, Europe

Completed 64 missions on a B-26 bomber. Was on the Queen Mary when it hit and sank another ship. Shown holding the diary he kept during his service.



Jake McCullough

Age 91 | Hometown: Albany | Chief commissary steward, USS Bougainville | Navy | Pacific

Served aboard escort carrier in the Pacific.



Lewis Hadley

Age 89 | Hometown: Eugene | Sonar operator third class | Navy | Pacific

Served in New Guinea and the Philippines.

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Ralph Kephart

Age 97 | Hometown: Lakeside, Calif. | Major | Army | Pacific
Led an Ammunition Renovation Company in the crater at Oahu.



Bill Rugh

Age 86 | Hometown: New Bethlehem, Penn. | Yeoman second class, USS Walke | Navy | Pacific, Europe | Purple Heart
Served on destroyer participating in the Normandy Invasion, then at Battle of Leyte Gulf. Kamikaze struck ship, badly burning him and killing many crew.



Robert G. Mangers

Age 91 | Hometown: Bell, Calif. | Corporal, 82nd Airborne | Army | Europe | Silver Star
Dropped into France on D-Day and fought at the Battle of the Bulge. German POW at Stalag 13C, escaped multiple times.

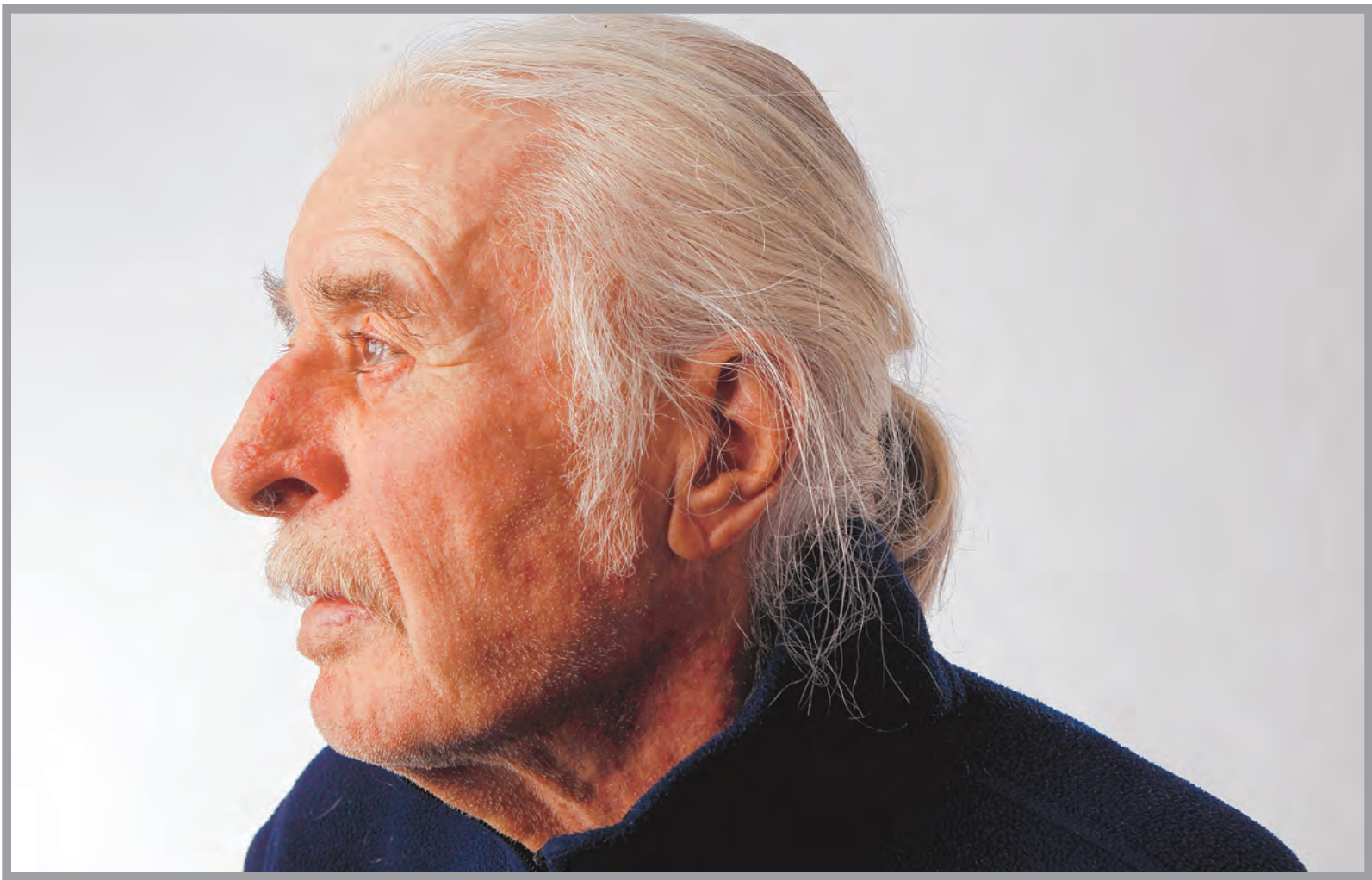
Gerald Patterson

Age 85 | Hometown: Ely, Minn. | Private first class, 7th Division, 184th Regiment | Army | Pacific | Bronze Star, Purple Heart

“When I was writing a book of memoirs, I put a chapter in there describing Okinawa and my experience in combat. But it comes out making war sound heroic. I don’t feel war is heroic.”

— GERALD PATTERSON

 **Listen to a recording** of Gerald Patterson’s daughter reading one of her father’s poems at registerguard.com



‘My lost innocence’

On Okinawa, the man was running through the smoke. “Shoot that son of a bitch,” said Gerald Patterson’s Army captain. To Patterson, the man looked like a civilian; he was wearing white tunic pants, not a Japanese uniform. “Shoot him!” the captain said. Patterson shot him. And the sound of that gun firing is still, in essence, ringing in the ex-soldier’s ears 66 years later. “I still experience a sense of rage about my lost innocence,” Patterson wrote in “A Guide’s Tale” (Vantage Press, 2009). Patterson, 85, grew up in the north woods of Minnesota with a canoe paddle in his hand. Like many, he went off to war with a sense of pride. “Most of us felt that we were embarking upon a just cause,” he says. He came home feeling otherwise, lost, wounded, a real-life Nick Adams, the Hemingway short-story character



Gerald Patterson’s portrait from during the war

whose postwar fishing trip can’t replicate the grandeur of such prewar trips. Something had changed. “Combat talk never (focuses) on the depth of fear during a shelling,

or the sense of shock from killing another human being, or the grief at losing a buddy,” Patterson wrote. “Even today, these feelings remain locked away.” He turned to poetry to unlock them. “I wanted to stay angry,” he says in an interview in his wooded south Eugene home. In a piece called “The Interview,” a woman — counselor? therapist? — asks what combat was like.

*I see flies crawling out of his mouth
His head half gone
I look away.
“Intense. Chaotic.”
She nods understandingly.
I see a hundred bodies lying in military rows
Pale sleeping faces
“I have trouble sleeping sometimes.”*

He dedicated the poem to two war buddies who, like him, arrived

on Okinawa in April 1945 as replacements in the 7th Division’s 184th Regiment. The battle on the island lasted 82 days, leaving more than 100,000 casualties. In one skirmish, Patterson took a bullet to the left wrist. Buddies Charlie and Guido died after taking bullets to the head. The battle was over. “Charlie and Guido were wrapped in ponchos and strapped to stretchers. ... As we walked up to the battalion field station, the large pile of arms and legs outside the door of one of the tents was not reassuring.” Patterson’s “million-dollar wound” was worth a ticket off the island. But in some ways, he never really left.

—

Epilogue: Patterson founded the Oregon Social Learning Center in Eugene. The author of eight books, he’s a winner of the American Psychological Association’s Distinguished Scientist Award.

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Day Two of our tribute to WWII veterans

John Lane

Age 85 | Hometown: Brooklyn, N.Y. | Private first class | Marines | Pacific

"In a way, a war never ends until the last combat man is gone."

— JOHN LANE



John Lane holds a piece of a hand grenade that struck him in the hand but didn't break the skin. Pvt. Lane (above), September 1944.



PAUL CARTER/The Register-Guard

'War ... is not a game'

By BOB WELCH
The Register-Guard

When he sees the television commercials for video war games, John Lane mentally recoils. "They're contemptible," he says. "They suggest that war is a game, and I can tell you it is not a game. You can't explain the terror."

Lane, 85, was a high school dropout from Brooklyn, N.Y., who would take a circuitous route to a Fulbright scholarship in Japan, the main obstacle being an island in the southwest Pacific called Iwo Jima.

He enlisted at age 18 in the Marines because it sounded more interesting than Brooks Technical High School. He wound up as a "runner" in the 25th Marine Regiment's 2nd Battalion. As such, he carried three things: messages, wounded men and dead men.

His unit arrived on Feb. 24, 1945, five days after the initial assault and a day after the U.S. flag was raised on Mount Suribachi.

If, back home, that image would become a symbol of victory, at the

time it was only a brief respite amid a battle that would rage for another month. Three of the six flag-raisers soon would be dead.

"Someone said the flag went up, but it was: 'So what?' They were still loading the wounded on board."

His first memory of Iwo Jima was of the litter of war. "The beach was this junkyard of ruined vehicles, landing crafts, jeeps, trucks, ammunition, guns, plus miles and miles of wire," he recalls.

It would get worse. "There was the smell of dead men all over the place," he says. "No, it's really not a smell. It was a taste that got far back in your throat, like dead meat."

And worse. "I saw a Japanese soldier who'd been hit by a flamethrower," he says. "His uniform burned off. His ears and nose and lips were burned off, and all you can see was the shining teeth. He was dead in seconds."

It was the only time Lane actually saw the enemy. The Japanese were adept at burrowing in tunnels, caves and the like. "It was a faceless enemy," he says.

Then came the aftermath of a battle when he was examining a blown-out cave.

"Along with the debris I spotted sheets of paper with a child's drawing on them, the kind of thing kids all over the world do in kindergarten," he says. "Airplanes with a big 'meatball' (Japanese flag) on them flying over rice fields lit by yellow suns. The Japanese soldiers had children who loved them and sent their artwork to them. It had never occurred to me before."

Lane says he takes pride in his generation's efforts. "World War II was a defining moment that I've never forgotten," he says. "But I wouldn't glamorize it."

Epilogue: Lane returned to Brooklyn, "got drunk for two weeks," then re-enlisted. After four years, he returned to school, climbed the degree ladder, landed the Fulbright scholarship and began teaching East Asian studies at Long Island University, Brooklyn College and Rutgers university. He retired to Eugene 21 years ago.

Postal cutbacks may slow deliveries

Next-day service for first-class, stamped letters could become a thing of the past

By HOPE YEN
The Associated Press

WASHINGTON — Facing bankruptcy, the U.S. Postal Service is pushing ahead with unprecedented cuts to first-class mail next spring that will slow delivery and, for the first time in 40 years, eliminate the chance for stamped letters to arrive the next day.

The estimated \$3 billion in reductions, to be announced in broader detail today, are part of a wide-ranging effort by the cash-strapped Postal Service to quickly trim costs, seeing no immediate help from Congress.

The changes would provide short-term relief but ultimately could prove counterproductive, pushing more of America's business onto the Internet.

The changes could slow everything from check payments to Netflix's DVDs-by-mail, add costs to mail-order prescription drugs, and threaten the existence of newspapers and time-sensitive magazines delivered by postal carrier to far-flung suburban and rural

Turn to **MAIL**, Page A6



PAUL CARTER/The Register-Guard

A worker at the Gateway post office sorts mail. The Postal Service is considering major cuts in service.

DAY TWO OF A FOUR-PART SERIES

◆ Our salute to WWII veterans continues today and runs through Wednesday, Dec. 7, with stories and photos on Page A1 and a six-page special section inside each day's newspaper/**SECTION E**



More on the Web, including audio slideshows, more photos and a video, at registerguard.com

Ohio bill opens new front in the legal fight over abortion

By ERIK ECKHOLM
The New York Times

A widening and emotional rift over legal tactics has split the anti-abortion movement, with its long-time leaders facing a tea party-style insurrection from many grass-roots activists who are impatient with the pace of change.

For decades, established anti-abortion leaders such as the National Right to Life and Catholic bishops have pushed for gradually chipping away at the edges of Roe vs. Wade — the 1973 Supreme Court ruling that legalized abortion — with state laws to impose limits on late-term abortions, to require women to view sonograms or to prohibit

insurance coverage for the procedure.

But now many activists and evangelical Christian groups are pressing for an all-out legal assault on Roe vs. Wade in the hope that the Supreme Court is ready to consider a radical change in the ruling.

The rift widened last month over a so-called personhood

amendment in Mississippi that would have barred virtually all abortions by giving legal rights to embryos.

It was voted down, but it is still being pursued in several states.

Now, in Ohio, a bill before the state Legislature that would ban abortions once a fetal heartbeat is detectable, usually six to

eight weeks into pregnancy, is the latest effort by activists to force a legal showdown. The so-called heartbeat bill is tearing apart the state's powerful anti-abortion forces.

Ohio Right to Life, which has been the premier lobby, and the state Catholic conference have

Turn to **ABORTION**, Page A6

IN THE NEWS

NATION >>

The recovery of the endangered California condor is threatened by hunters' use of lead bullets, fragments of which can be eaten by the birds/**A3**



WORLD

European nations plan a flurry of meetings this week as leaders try to forge a plan to solve the region's debt crisis and save the euro/**A7**

SPORTS

As the No. 5 Ducks prepare for their Rose Bowl matchup with No. 10 Wisconsin, fans can expect to see two very different styles of offense/**C1**

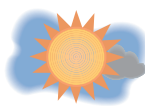
COMING UP

After waiting 15 years for an antelope tag, an 87-year-old Eugene hunter bags a trophy pronghorn/**Tuesday in Oregon Life**

QUOTABLE

"It is my life and my body, and it should be my choice as to when and how I die."

— Gloria Taylor, who has Lou Gehrig's disease, in taking the issue of assisted suicide to Canada's court system/**A5**



Under heavy German machine gun fire, American soldiers wade ashore at Normandy, June 6, 1944.



The Associated Press

Called to Duty

Our salute to local WWII veterans in commemoration of the 70th anniversary of Pearl Harbor

Monday, December 5, 2011

A special section of The Register-Guard

Section E



St. Germain and his wife, Vivian

Norm St. Germain

Age 85 | Hometown:
International Falls, Minn. |
Seaman first class,
USS Gambier Bay | Navy |
Pacific | Bronze Star

"We lost more than 160 (crew), some of them died in the raft, sharks got quite a few of them. ... I'd try to pull my feet up, of course, but I couldn't."

— **NORM ST. GERMAIN**, WHO SPENT 47 HOURS IN A LIFE RAFT IN THE LEYTE GULF AFTER HIS SHIP WAS SUNK

'I'm going to die right here'

It happened nearly 70 years ago, and yet now, at 85, he thinks about it nearly every day.

The geysers from Japanese artillery fire shooting into the air around the ship. The blast that took a pal's head off. The frantic climb down the monkey rope as the ship started to list. The screams of guys on the outside of the life raft who'd been attacked by sharks.

Norman St. Germain of Springfield believes he's the youngest surviving member of the Oct. 25, 1944, sinking of the USS Gambier Bay during the Battle of Leyte Gulf.

With his parents' permission, he enlisted as a 17-year-old, one of four St. Germain boys in the military.

Only one wouldn't make it home to International Falls, Minn.: Orel, who survived the Bataan Death

March in the Philippines in 1942, later died in a prison camp. "He was my hero," St. Germain says. "He could throw a baseball through a barn door."

When the USS Gambier Bay came under fire that morning, St. Germain figured he wasn't coming home, either. "The bombs kept hitting us every 30 to 60 seconds, and everything was shaking and I started thinking, 'Well, this is it. I'm going to die right here.'"

"Right here" was about 60 miles east of the island of Samar in the Philippines.

"One of our engines flooded, and we were literally dead in the water," he says. "I was going down over the ship's side on that monkey rope and a buddy yells, 'Saint' — that's what they called me, 'Saint' — 'Better

hurry, it's gonna roll."

He let go and splashed into the sea. He found a raft to cling to and watched the ship, minutes later, slip into the depths.

"It's an emotional thing," he says. "That's your home."

Many survivors, including St. Germain, expected rescue within hours. But the U.S. fleet in that area had been decimated. Night came and went.

The survivors had little food or water.

"The sun was baking down, and we'd take turns hanging on the outside of the raft," St. Germain says. "It was a deadly game of musical chairs. I remember seeing the sharks — 6- to 7-footers — but for some reason they left me alone."

As a second day turned into a

third, some men hanging to the outside were so tired they had to have their wrists tied to the boat to keep from drowning.

Of the 950-man crew, 200 died, according to "The Men of the Gambier Bay"

St. Germain's group was rescued by a U.S. amphibious assault ship on the third day.

"The deck was full of guys just lying there, so tired," he says. "They say I never talked much after. I just sat there and stared."

Epilogue: St. Germain worked in a lumber mill, then 23 years for the U.S. Forest Service, retiring in 1985. He and his wife, Vivian, have three adult children, four grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren.

Charles W. "Chuck" Roffe

Age 90 | Hometown: Eugene | First lieutenant, 10th Mountain Division | Army | Europe | Two Silver Stars

Fought in Italian campaign. Only one of eight officers in his company to make it all the way through. Visited Hitler's captured "Eagle's Nest" retreat.

"Lieutenants were pretty expendable. I've lived a charmed life. I went in with eight officers in our company, and I was the only one who went all the way through. ... Your mindset is it may happen to someone else, it isn't going to happen to you. And it didn't. Then I said I had a praying mother all the way through the war, too."

— **CHUCK ROFFE**



John R. Hill

Age 88 | Hometown: West Frankfort, Ill. | Sergeant | Army | Europe


Army medic in Europe. Met his future wife, Lt. Betty Lou Tanner (shown with him, at left), when she was a nurse in Belgium. They were married 64 years, until her death in September.


"I was a medic, and she was transferred into my outfit. And that's where I met her. We were cleaning up the (Battle of the) Bulge. ... We had just met, I don't know her well enough to even hold her hand. We're just strangers. But I have already made up my mind. I'm just smitten with this little girl and I'm not letting her get away."

— **JOHN HILL**, ON MEETING HIS FUTURE WIFE AT AN ARMY HOSPITAL IN BELGIUM

STORIES BY
BOB WELCH
PHOTOGRAPHS BY
PAUL CARTER
The Register-Guard

More at registerguard.com
>>> Day Two of a four-day series

 **View a slideshow** of the veterans pictured here, along with photos taken during their time in the service

 **Listen to audio** of many of the veterans as they recall their experiences during the war

 **Watch a video** of a behind-the-scenes look at how this project came about

CALLED TO DUTY



Robert J. Carey

Age 88 |
Hometown:
Portland | Private
first class, 82nd
Airborne | Army |
Europe

Shown holding his Army identity “dog tags” with a bullet hole through them. He was wearing them on a chain around his neck during a live-fire training exercise in which a machine gunner fired too low at Carey’s unit. Five men were killed. A bullet grazed Carey’s chest, passing through his dog tags.



Jim Curtis

Age 91 | Hometown: Ashland | Captain,
8th Air Force | Army Air Corps | Europe |
Purple Heart

Piloted B-17 and B-24 bombers over North Africa and Germany. Shot down by flak on 14th mission, January 1944, and was a POW until the end of the war.

“We’d probably lose 10 to 20 airplanes (per raid), and each one of them had 10 guys in it.”

— JIM CURTIS, ON THE RISKS OF A B-17 CREW EARLY IN THE WAR



Dennis McLarin

Age 91 | Hometown: Macedonia, Ill. |
Motor machinist’s mate first class, USS
Bayfield | Coast Guard | Europe, Pacific |
Purple Heart

Involved in invasions including Normandy, Iwo Jima (where he was wounded) and Okinawa. Participated in mock D-Day invasion in England in which 946 men were killed.



Robert W. Smith

Age 85 | Hometown: Salem | First
sergeant, 7th Infantry Division | Army |
Pacific | Bronze Star

Participated in the invasion of Okinawa.

“They say bravery is performing your duties when you’re scared to death.”

— ROBERT SMITH, RECALLING HIS “BAPTISM OF FIRE” AT OKINAWA



John Leiman

Age 92 | Hometown: Butler, Ohio | Captain | Army | Pacific

Commanded an artillery battery of 200 men in New Guinea and the Philippines.

“At the time, I thought the Japs were little better than animals. It really amazes me because I’m a fairly smart guy. How the hell did I ever get brainwashed like that? I know the Japanese are really not any different than we are.”

— JOHN LEIMAN



Merrill McKern

Age 91 | Hometown: Mount Vernon, Ore. | Lieutenant junior grade,
USS Fitch | Navy | Europe, Pacific

Fire support on destroyer at Utah Beach on D-Day. Present at surrender ceremonies.



Joseph Clark

Age 95 | Hometown: York County, Neb. | Captain | Army | Pacific |
Bronze Star

Heavy weapons company commander. Served in Bougainville, New Guinea, Biak, Paluan, Mindanao. Shown holding up five fingers to indicate the number of men from his Army unit who are still alive.

“A lot I remember, and a lot I’ve intentionally forgotten.”

— JOSEPH CLARK, ON COMBAT IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC



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CALLED TO DUTY



David Duff

Age 89 | Hometown: Sharonville, Ohio | Machinist's mate first class, USS Alpine | Navy | Pacific

Served from the Aleutians to the Philippines. His attack transport ship suffered a kamikaze attack and bomb strike that killed many crew members.



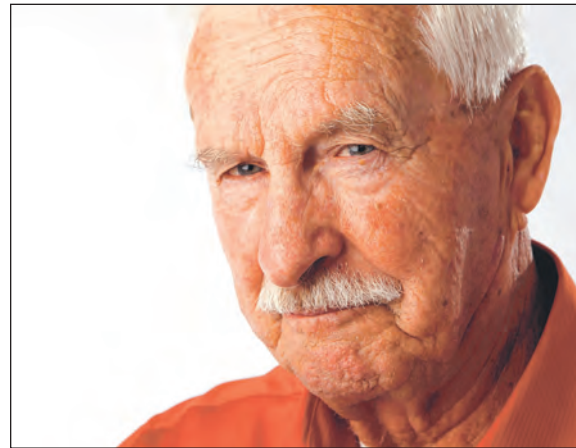
Harold Codman

Age 93 | Hometown: Flushing, N.Y. | Staff sergeant, 59th Combat Engineers | Army | Pacific

Served in New Guinea. Made sketches of natives. Went skinny-dipping with John Wayne during his USO tour.

"I thought to myself at that time: what a crazy world. Young men searching out other young men ... to kill them."

— HAROLD CODMAN, SHOWN HOLDING A CARVING HE MADE DURING HIS SPARE TIME IN THE JUNGLE



Art Krantz

Age 87 | Hometown: Hamilton, Mont. | Private first class, 42nd Infantry (Rainbow) Division | Army | Europe | Purple Heart

Part of a replacement company of 9,000 men deployed in France a day after D-Day. Came within a mile of Germany; only 30 men out of 204 in his company were left.

Robert Heurgue

Age 86 | Hometown: Paris, France | 82nd Airborne | Army | Europe

"The war started in Europe, and I couldn't go back. I was stuck here as a tourist. I went in the Army ... and I volunteered for the paratroops. I had been trying to go home all the time. That was one way of going home."

— ROBERT HEURGUE, A FRENCH CITIZEN STRANDED IN THE UNITED STATES AFTER WORLD WAR II BROKE OUT



'You jump into the night'

When World War II halted travel from the United States to Europe, Robert Heurgue was a 14-year-old French citizen who'd come to Boston on a six-month tourist visa to visit a sister.

He would return to his country five years later, but not by ship. Instead, by jumping out of an airplane into the dark sky over Normandy on D-Day as a paratrooper in the 82nd Airborne Division.

Heurgue was among the war's demographic oddities: a French citizen in a U.S. Army unit.

When he turned 18 he had no obligation to enlist; officially, he was still, essentially, a stranded French tourist. "But," he says, "I wanted to participate in the war." And the Army welcomed him in.

Heurgue, now 86, was intrigued by

the difference between his countrymen and the men he served with. "In the United States, the young men came from all sorts of different places, Russia, Lithuania. Their families had discovered freedom in America that they didn't have in the old country. I realized I had taken those things for granted."

The jump over Normandy is seared into his memory like nothing else in the war.

"You jump into the night, and there was no context," he said. "Twenty men jumping with the plane going about 140 mph, meaning they might be scattered for a mile."

And this in an unfamiliar country where German soldiers waited below. Some paratroopers were dead before they hit the ground, riddled with bullets. Others drowned in swamps or got chutes tangled in trees, becoming venge-

ful target practice for Germans and grisly wakeup calls for Allied soldiers coming ashore in the days to come.

Heurgue landed safely, figured his location from the return address labels on letters he found in a French farmhouse, and found his unit.

After six months of fighting across France, he got a 48-hour pass and went to Paris to surprise his parents, whom he had not seen in nearly six years.

"It was," he says, "an emotional time for us all."

Epilogue: Heurgue worked for France's department of defense and, with his wife, Odette, retired in Eugene to be near a son. He has dual citizenship.



Heurgue during the war

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CALLED TO DUTY



Robert "Bob" Strunk

Age 89 | Hometown: Elmira | Chief motor machinist's mate, USS Arthur Middleton | Coast Guard | Pacific

Numerous campaigns, including Guadalcanal, Tarawa and Marshall Islands.



Dr. Daniel B. Bond

Age 93 | Hometown: Philadelphia | Lieutenant, USS Amador | Navy | Pacific

Flew PBYs in North Atlantic on submarine patrol, then captained a cargo ship in the Pacific. Performed an emergency appendectomy while on a destroyer.



Marvin Weber

Age 86 | Hometown: St. Louis | Aviation machinist's mate second class | Navy | Pacific

Served island-based naval aircraft at Peleliu Island.

"I often think how young we all were, and we won the war in spite of that."

— MARVIN WEBER



Ralph Zeigler

Age 97 | Hometown: Emmetsburg, Iowa | Tech sergeant | Army | Europe

Served with the medics in England and then France after D-Day.



Wayne Tate

Age 85 | Hometown: Buhl, Idaho | Mailman third class | Navy | Pacific

Two years in the Pacific as part of ACORN unit (aviation, construction, ordnance, repair, navy).



Louis McGee

Age 87 | Hometown: Clay Center, Kan. | Private first class, Merrill's Marauders | Army | Pacific

Medic in Merrill's Marauders, saw action in the China-Burma-India theater.



Robert Boyce

Age 90 | Hometown: Cottage Grove | Pharmacist's mate first class | Navy | Pacific

Served as a medic with the Marines in several major campaigns, then on battleship USS Massachusetts.



Lyle G. Wilson

Age 89 | Hometown: Eugene | Sergeant, 760th Tank Battalion | Army | North Africa | Europe

Tank commander in North Africa and Italy, spearheading for the 5th Army. Shown with his crew (center, standing) in Italy.

"I volunteered right after Pearl Harbor, and my Uncle Sammy gave me a tank and said, 'Go out and see the sights.'"

— LYLE WILSON



Wilber Dehne

Age 93 | Hometown: Springfield | Major, 11th Bombardment Group | Army Air Corps | Pacific | Two Distinguished Flying Crosses

Completed 53 missions as a B-24 pilot. Based in Nanumea, Kwajalein, Saipan. Bombed Truk. Retired as lieutenant colonel. Shown trying on an old flight helmet.

"Your attention was riveted on what you were doing. Save your ass, if you could. Seems like I did pretty well."

— WILBER DEHNE, ON IGNORING THE DANGERS OF A BOMBER PILOT



CALLED TO DUTY



Norman Jacobson

Age 93 | Hometown: Mondovi, Wis. | Lieutenant, USS Yukon | Navy | Pacific, Europe

Survived a torpedo strike on his ship near Iceland.



Raymond Buchanan

Age 86 | Hometown: Boston | Corporal, 1st Army | Army Reserve | Stateside

Worked in supplies on the East Coast.



John S. Miller

Age 88 | Hometown: Richmond, Va. | Aviation metalsmith third class | Navy | Stateside

Served stateside in a top-secret squadron. Part of his time was in North Bend. Shown holding a knife he made from the leaf spring of a jeep.

Martin Acker

Age 89 | Hometown: Brooklyn, N.Y. | First lieutenant | Army | Europe

“When I got to the Bulge, there was a blizzard, it was cold, you couldn’t see very far. ... I don’t remember a thing that happened to me from the moment after I got there until I ended up on R&R in Holland. And I must have been there probably a week. But not a recollection at all. ... One of these days, I’ll find a colleague who’s a hypnotist and maybe he can help me remember what it was I didn’t want to remember.”

— MARTIN ACKER, SHOWN HOLDING A GERMAN SONGBOOK FROM THE WAR



‘I should have hated them’

Two decades after his war years in France and Germany, Martin Acker was sailing on the Rhine River when the tourist group he was with broke into one of Germany’s traditional folk songs. “I stood and sang with tears in my eyes as if I was coming home,” he says. “I should have hated them, the Germans, but I couldn’t.” Ethical quandaries follow soldiers like field hospitals. In Acker’s case, they were multilayered. He was a prisoner of war interrogations officer, a man whose job was to extract information from German soldiers. And yet he’d grown up in a house that celebrated German music. He’d grown up speaking English and Yiddish, the latter giving him “a leg up” on understanding German. He’d joined the German Glee Club as an undergraduate at Brooklyn University. What further complicated his war experience was his Jewishness. He couldn’t help but take more personally the Nazis’ “exterminating” of millions of Jews like himself. And yet it wasn’t all of Germany that was stoking

the death camp ovens, he realized. “It’s still a big contradiction in my life,” he says. “I felt at home in Germany, which was weird being that I was Jewish. But I loved the language, the music, the culture.” What he strived to do, he says, was to apply basic ethics to whatever situation he faced. He said the Army never advocated, nor did he ever find reason to use, torture to obtain information from a prisoner. “They gave it up freely,” says Acker, who was attached to multiple units in the Allies’ sweep from France into Germany. When an infantryman threatened to kill a group of German prisoners, Acker, a first lieutenant, intervened. “It wasn’t because I was soft-hearted for Germans, it was just something you didn’t do. It was about morality.” When a group of German submarine sailors in Normandy waved white flags and sought medical supplies, Acker had his men provide the supplies. “There was no question that was the right thing to do,” he says.



Acker (left) in a jeep in Bavaria in 1945 with two other soldiers

When two American soldiers, in a house being shelled, were so fanatical about ripping souvenirs off dead German POWs that they started fighting with each other, Acker pulled a

gun on them. “They were hysterical,” he says. “It wasn’t so much the loot, they were under fire and were scared. I couldn’t afford to be scared.” Not that Acker’s emotions sometimes didn’t intervene. In Germany, when the Allies would occupy a new town or village, it was Acker’s job — because of his rank and knowledge of German — to serve as a temporary mayor or police chief. “Once, this beautiful German woman wearing lovely furs comes to me and demands that her husband — a captain or major who’d been take prisoner — be freed,” he says. “That time I got angry. I said, ‘It’s interesting that you would come ask a Jew to help free your husband.’ She just turned and walked away.”

Epilogue: Acker, 89, became a counselor and moved to Eugene in 1961 to teach at the University of Oregon, where he served as head of the department of counseling psychology for four years, retiring in 1995. Acker is the father of three adult children.



Don Fisher

Age 93 | Hometown: Steubenville, Ohio | Tech sergeant | Army Air Corps | Europe | Purple Heart

Served on a B-17, five missions as a ball turret gunner, then five as radioman before shot down over Normandy. Spent 17 months as an “evadee.” Shown holding a model of a B-17.

“The pilot who shot me down came back and circled me, and I thought, ‘Oh, what’s he going to do, shoot me?’ He didn’t. He circled me, saluted me and took off.”

— DON FISHER, DESCRIBING BEING SHOT DOWN OVER NORMANDY



Elizabeth Hartford

Age 87 | Hometown: Seattle | Corporal | Marines | Stateside

Stationed near San Diego.

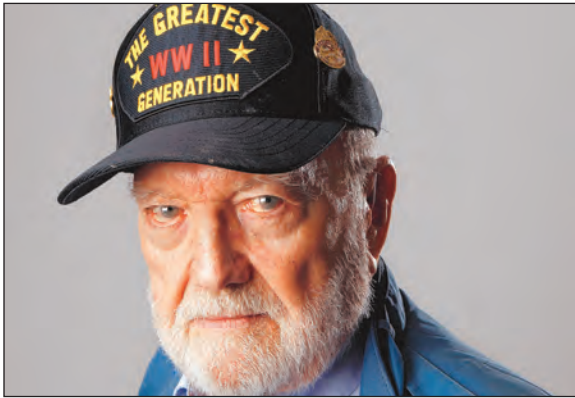
CALLED TO DUTY



William Picolet

Age 91 | Hometown: Wamego, Kan. | Staff sergeant | Army | Europe | Bronze Star, Purple Heart

Served in the field artillery as a forward observer. Was at Utah Beach on D-Day and at the Battle of the Bulge.



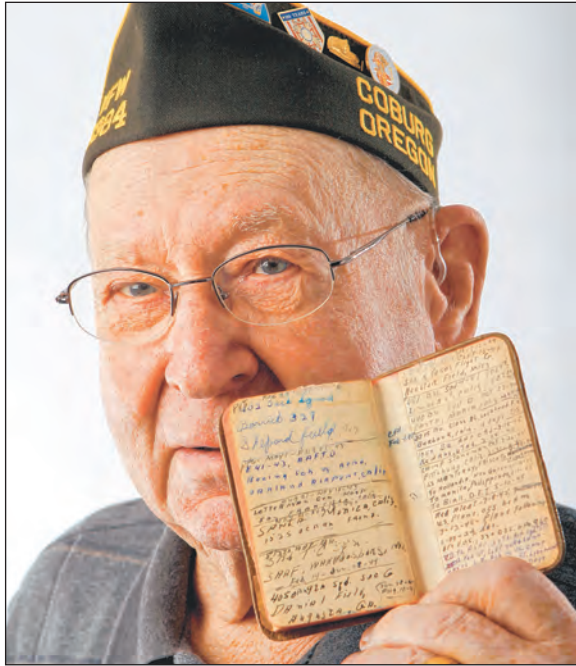
Vince Stauffer

Age 88 | Hometown: Santa Barbara, Calif. | Storekeeper third class, USS Arthur Middleton | Coast Guard | Pacific

Campaigns included the Aleutians, Tarawa and Marshall Islands.

"I went in in September of '41, and \$21 a month was standard. And then after six months you got an automatic promotion to seaman second. That paid \$36 a month. I didn't know what to do with all my money then!"

— VINCE STAUFFER



Paul Nielsen

Age 89 | Hometown: Battle Creek, Iowa | Corporal | Army Air Corps | Pacific

Airplane and engine mechanic, primarily on the island of Biak. Shown with the datebook in which he wrote a diary of events he witnessed.



Theodore "Pete" Roosevelt Samsell

Age 96 | Hometown: Morgantown, W.Va. | Staff sergeant | Army | Europe

Radio operator in an armored car. Served in Italy and was taken prisoner by the Germans for a short time until his captors surrendered. Shown holding the telegram notifying his wife that he was missing in action, and being greeted (second from right) after his release.

"In World War II, we lost 400,000 of our buddies. That's why we're still here talking about it right now."

— PETE SAMSELL



Stan Bryan

Age 88 | Hometown: Seattle | Lieutenant junior grade, LSM 143 | Navy | Pacific

Gunnery officer on a landing ship. Was at Iwo Jima.

"I'd have to walk by and I'd see those bodies laid out, and here was this blond hair and the bodies turned black ... and then they'd dump them in the pit."

— STAN BRYAN, DESCRIBING SEEING DEAD MARINES AT IWO JIMA



Ken Wright

Age 86 | Hometown: Dallas, Ore. | Radioman second class, USS Richard S. Bull | Navy | Pacific

Participated in five invasions aboard a destroyer escort.



Bob Lind

Age 85 | Hometown: Kendrick, Idaho | Seaman first class, USS Cassin Young | Navy | Pacific

Served on a destroyer from Saipan to Okinawa. Survived last kamikaze strike of the war, which killed 21 men.



Gerry Monroe

Age 93 | Hometown: Bothell, Wash. | Major, Marine Air Group 25 | Marines | Pacific | Five Distinguished Flying Crosses

Marine pilot of transports to Guadalcanal, Munga, Bougainville.

"I looked out and there was a Japanese Zero about 15 feet off of my wing tip. And I thought, 'Now what do I do?' ... I smiled at him and waved, and he waved back. I put the airplane into a dive, and he just peeled off and I never saw him again. Maybe he was lost, maybe he was out of fuel or low on fuel, or maybe he was just a nice guy."

— GERRY MONROE, ON HIS ENCOUNTER WITH THE ENEMY DURING A TRANSPORT RUN



John Phillips

Age 91 | Hometown: Pasadena, Calif. | First lieutenant | Army | Pacific

Served in field artillery unit in the Philippines.



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OREGON LIFE, D1

**James voted
all-American
again** SPORTS, C1

The Register-Guard

EUGENE, OREGON

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 6, 2011

75 CENTS

IN THE NEWS

NATION

President Obama accepts a move to ratchet back his Social Security payroll tax cut extension and presses Republicans to get on board, too/**A6**

WORLD

Leaders of France and Germany urge a European Union treaty change that would automatically penalize countries using the euro that ran up high budget deficits/**A8**

CITY/REGION

The Springfield City Council approves an ordinance to protect gays and lesbians against discrimination/**B1**

BUSINESS



Attorney Gerry Gaydos is named the 2011 First Citizen of Eugene in recognition of years of community service/**B4**

SPORTS

Coach Chip Kelly dismisses former all-American cornerback Cliff Harris from the Oregon team/**C1**



QUOTABLE

"A lot of the people who are hurting the most are also the ones giving the most."

— **Bruce Meier**, discussing the Letter Carriers Food Drive, which kicked off Saturday and collected about 56,000 pounds of non-perishable items for Lane County's hungry — well short of its goal/**B1**

COMING UP

With Hazelnut Caramels, patience is the key to making sweet dreams come true/**Wednesday in Oregon Life**

UO students reject project fee

The vote upsets the administration's \$160 million plan to expand the EMU and the rec center, at least for now

By **GREG BOLT**
The Register-Guard

Students at the University of Oregon have rejected a new fee that would have cost them \$300 a year to help pay for the most expensive overhaul of student fa-

cilities in campus history.

The vote appears to stop, at least temporarily, plans to renovate and expand the Erb Memorial Union and the Student Recreation Center. The two projects were estimated to cost \$160 million, with about \$112 million

coming from bonds that would have been repaid with the student fee revenue.

Ben Eckstein, the UO's student body president, said the price tag probably played a big role in students' rejection of the project. But he also suggested that the issue will come before students again in the spring election, and that a revised project focused more on students and with stronger stu-

dent input might be successful.

Robin Holmes, the UO's vice president for student affairs, could not be reached for comment on the election results.

Ballots were tallied after a weeklong voting period ended late Friday. Of the more than 4,200 students who cast votes, 57 percent opposed the EMU expansion

Turn to **UO**, Page A5

CALLED TO DUTY

Day Three of our tribute to WWII veterans



PAUL CARTER/The Register-Guard

**Fred
Thorngate**

Age 91 | Hometown:
Philadelphia | First
lieutenant | Army |
Europe

**Margaret
Thorngate**

Age 88 | Hometown:
Santa Barbara, Calif. |
Yeoman second class
| Navy | Stateside

"I was due to have a 30-day leave and then to go to the invasion of Tokyo... So I had 30 days to live, basically, because I knew I'd never make it."

— **FRED THORNGATE**, ON WHY THEY MARRIED DURING HIS LEAVE

Love's power in war

By **BOB WELCH**
The Register-Guard

When Fred and Margaret Thorngate of Florence married on July 19, 1945, it was a union with an expiration date.

Thirty days. World War II not only cost the lives of soldiers, but forced love to work around an obstacle that, at times, seemed insurmountable.

"But it also united the country," says Margaret, now 88. "East married West. It stirred the pot."

In 1943, she was a 19-year-old Santa Barbara State College student working a Civilian Defense shift, scan-

ning the ocean and sky for Japanese submarines or airplanes. He was a 23-year-old Army first lieutenant from Philadelphia exercising on the beach.

He introduced himself. "I was not bashful," says Fred Thorngate, 91.

She later told a friend who was there: "That's the man I'm going to marry."

Margaret joined the Navy WAVES (Women Accepted for Volunteer Emergency Service) and was stationed in San Francisco.

In December 1944, Fred



The Thorngates in 1945

left for Europe, their relationship hanging only on hope. No ring. No promises.

The longer they were apart, however, "the mushier the letters got," Margaret says.

After war in Europe ended in May 1945, Fred proposed they marry on his leave.

Word had it that, come late summer,

most available soldiers were headed for an invasion of Japan; he'd probably ship out at the end of his 30-day leave. U.S. casualties were expected to be huge.

"Fred wanted to belong to someone when he left," Mar-

garet says. "We knew when we married it was probably for just 30 days."

He arrived on a Wednesday, the couple having not seen each other in two years. They were married the next day in a Carpinteria, Calif., church.

While honeymooning, the two heard that an American B-29 had dropped an atomic bomb on Hiroshima. Japan surrendered. The invasion was off. The war was over.

"Thirty days," says Margaret, "that turned into 66 years."

Epilogue: The Thorngates reared a family, traveled the world and, in 1984, retired to Florence.

DAY THREE OF A FOUR-PART SERIES

◆ Our salute to WWII veterans continues through Wednesday, Dec. 7, with stories and photos on Page A1 and in a special section/**SECTION E**

 **More on the Web**, including audio slide-shows, more photos and a video, at registerguard.com



INSIDE

◆ Veterans share their stories with students on a visit to Pearl Harbor/**A3**

NASA spots planet in 'Goldilocks zone' for life

Its surface is a comfortable temperature of 72 degrees

By **SETH BORENSTEIN**
The Associated Press

WASHINGTON — A newly discovered planet is eerily similar to Earth and is sitting outside our solar system

in what seems to be the ideal place for life, except for one hitch. It's a bit too big.

The planet is smack in the middle of what astronomers call the Goldilocks zone, that hard to find place that's not too hot, not too cold, where water, which is essential for life, doesn't freeze or boil. And it has a shopping mall-like surface temperature of near

72 degrees, scientists say.

The planet's confirmation was announced Monday by NASA along with other discoveries by its Kepler telescope, which was launched on a planet-hunting mission in 2009.

That's the first planet confirmed in the habitable zone for Kepler, which had al-

Turn to **PLANET**, Page A5

INSIDE

◆ Scientists discover the biggest known black holes/**A5**
◆ Spacecraft Dawn beams back images of the asteroid Vesta/**A3**



B-17 Flying Fortresses of the U.S. 8th Air Force bomb rail yards near Dresden, Germany, Feb. 6, 1945.



The Associated Press

Called to Duty

Our salute to local WWII veterans in commemoration of the 70th anniversary of Pearl Harbor

Tuesday, December 6, 2011

A special section of The Register-Guard

Section E

Roy Maeda

Age 93 | Hometown: Portland | Master sergeant, 442nd Regimental Combat Team | Army | Europe | Congressional Gold Medal, Purple Heart, Bronze Star



War-time photo of Roy Maeda in uniform



Outcast, then honored

“Portland to Be First Jap-Free City”
The top headline in the April 29, 1942, Oregonian suggested where 17-year-old Roy Maeda’s future lay. Never mind that he was born and lived in America. As a Japanese-American (a Nisei), he and his family, along with 9,000 others, were headed for the Minidoka Relocation Camp in Idaho, one of 10 such camps that, in total, would hold about 110,000 Japanese and Japanese-Americans. It was part of a roundup instituted by the U.S. government, in the wake of the Pearl Harbor attacks, ostensibly for national security reasons.

The headlines weren’t as bold when, two years later, Maeda went to war for that same country and, as a master sergeant, subsequently earned a Purple Heart, a Bronze Star and — decades later — the Congressional Gold Medal as part of the 442nd Regimental Combat Team.

Maeda, now 93 and suffering from dementia, lives at Sheldon Park Assisted Living.

“I never once heard my mother and father express bitterness about the past,” says Marilyn Sprick, 60, a daughter of the couple. “Our (baby boom) generation has been more open about civil rights being tread upon. My folks were always about the



Some of the medals awarded to Roy Maeda for his service in the “Go For Broke” regiment, including the Purple Heart and the Bronze Star.

future — what we, their children, could be.”

Maeda was born in Portland, graduated from Benson Polytechnic High School and worked at a jewelry store.

Before being moved to Idaho, his family and others of Japanese and Japanese-American descent were housed temporarily at Portland’s Pacific In-

ternational Livestock exposition grounds, behind barbed wire and armed guards.

In Idaho, families were later allowed to leave if they moved to the eastern part of the country. The Maedas did so, settling in Illinois, where Roy became engaged just before being drafted and entering the military.

Originally, the United States would not allow Japanese-Americans to serve in the armed forces, but the government reversed its decision when a group of such soldiers in Hawaii — given an exception — performed so well in training.

Maeda and the all-Nisei 442nd fought with distinction in Italy, southern France and Germany.

The unit became the most highly decorated regiment in the history of the U.S. armed forces, 21 of its members becoming Medal of Honor recipients.

Epilogue: Roy Maeda married the woman to whom he was engaged; he and Joyce, 85, have been married 65 years. They have three adult children and three grandchildren. After attending watchmaking school, Maeda spent his entire working career where he’d worked before the war, at Jerome Margulis Jewelers.



Carl Gustafson

Age 86 | Hometown: Woodburn | Staff sergeant, 8th Air Force | Army Air Corps | Europe

Flew 27 missions as nose gunner on a B-24. Shown with the leather flight jacket with the image of a B-24 that was hand painted on the back by one of his buddies.

“The temperature’s 60- or 70-below-zero, and you’re sweating ...”

— CARL GUSTAFSON, ON THE RISKS OF FLYING BOMBING MISSIONS



John Hodge


Age 86 | Hometown: Branson, Mo. | Boatswain’s mate first class, USS Makassar Strait, carrier escort | Navy | Pacific


First loader on a 40 mm gun, Guam and Iwo Jima.



STORIES BY BOB WELCH
PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL CARTER
The Register-Guard

More at registerguard.com
>> Day Three of a four-day series

 View a slideshow of the veterans pictured here, along with photos taken during their time in the service

 Listen to audio of many of the veterans as they recall their experiences during the war

 Watch a video of a behind-the-scenes look at how this project came about

CALLED TO DUTY

Sinclair J. Murchy

Age 87 |
 Hometown:
 Aberdeen,
 Wash. | Tech
 sergeant, 15th
 Air Force, 301st
 Bombardment
 Group, 32nd
 Bomb Squadron |
 Army Air Corps |
 Europe

Flight engineer and
 top turret gunner on
 a B-17 out of Italy.
 Shot down and was
 temporarily a prisoner
 of the Soviets. Took
 54 days to get back
 to Italy. Completed 35
 missions.



Leonard St. Clair

Age 98 | Hometown: Conrad, Iowa |
 Lieutenant junior grade | Navy | Pacific

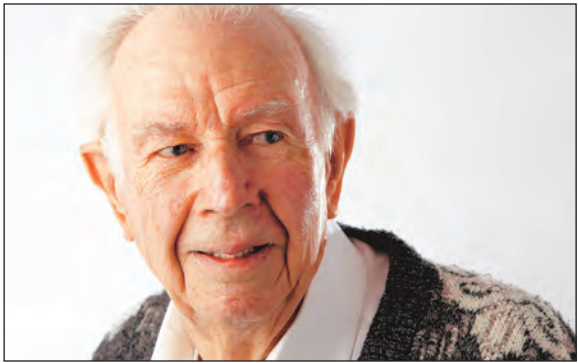
Served as an officer aboard his ship.



Charlie Sweeney

Age 95 | Hometown: Dubuque, Iowa |
 Technician fourth grade, 34th "Red Bull"
 Infantry Division | Army | Europe, North
 Africa

Participated in the Anzio, Italy, operation.



Richard Atwood

Age 89 | Hometown: Corvallis | Staff
 sergeant, 306th Bomb Group | Army Air
 Corps | Europe | Air Medal with five silver
 clusters

Completed 30 missions as a tail gunner in a B-17.



Charleton "Chuck" R. Cox

Age 87 | Hometown: Seattle | Lieutenant |
 Army Air Corps | Europe

B-17 navigator, bailed out in Alps. Fought with Italian
 partisans against the Italian Fascists. Shown holding up
 his hands as if taking aim with the British rifle he used in
 the partisan raids.

*"The (Italian) partisans liked me and the
 co-pilot because we had both grown up
 shooting rifles. When they saw how deadly
 we were with the rifle, they had special
 jobs for us whenever they were attacked ..."*

— CHUCK COX, ON HIS EXPERIENCE BEHIND ENEMY LINES



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CALLED TO DUTY

Dave Rowland

Age 90 |
Hometown: Eugene
| Lieutenant
colonel, 8th Air
Force | Army Air
Corps | Europe

Flew 30 missions
as a B-17 pilot stationed
in England.

“I’d had an
experience before
the war where I
damn near died
in an (airplane)
accident. ... At the
moment, I thought
I was dead.
There is a good
thing about that,
because if you
think you’re dead,
there’s no use
getting panicky.”

— DAVE ROWLAND



‘Accepting my death’

Dave Rowland, a B-17 pilot and instructor who flew 30 missions in Europe, knew the thought of it could prevent a man from doing his job.

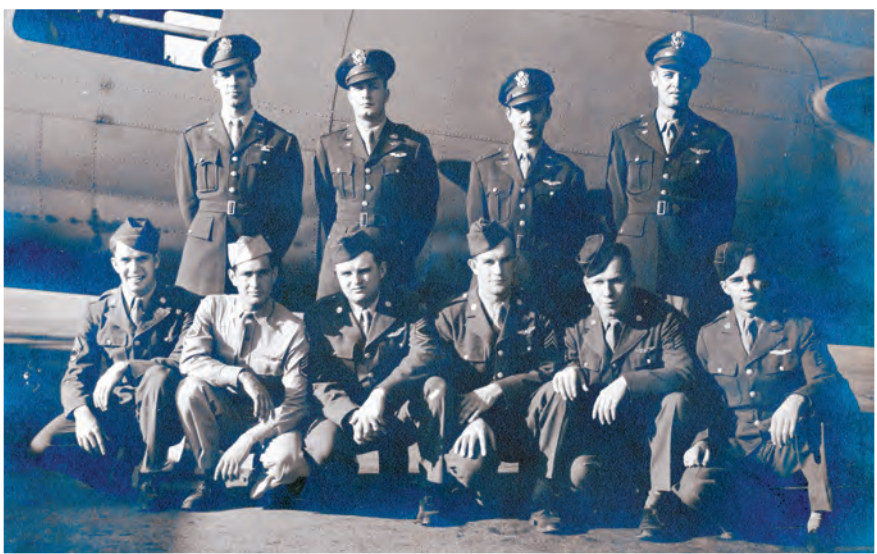
Death.
“I’d tell the men, go ahead, pretend you’re dead,” he says. “It’s over. Now, do your duty.”

It’s a lesson he learned in 1943 after he was involved in a training exercise in Nebraska that went horribly wrong. After two formation training flights, crews were ordered to do a third, even though it meant landing in the dark, which added to the danger.

A plane in the formation ascended, the pilot not realizing another B-17 was above him. “We saw a plane come straight up, so close to us you could touch him,” says Rowland, a West Point graduate. “We were looking right into his radio room. Why? The plane had broken in half.”

Debris tattered the plane Rowland was flying, damaging it. His plane dropped like a rock, shaking violently. “We’re on fire!” someone shouted.

Rowland ordered the three-man



David Rowland (standing, far left) and the crew of B-17 bomber, 1943

crew to bail out, which they did, then he fought the wheel to steady the listing plane. He picked the darkest spot on the ground, assuming that would be a farmer’s field, and managed to land it.

The key to his survival? “Telling myself there is nothing I can do

about it, so don’t get upset or tense. That will kill you. It began by my accepting my death. That was calming.”

He remembers that wives and girlfriends of the two doomed crews had gathered for a party at the Officers’ Club that Saturday night. They

saw the flames roil in the darkness. His plane, it turned out, wasn’t on fire; whoever yelled was reacting to a reflection of the other planes on fire.

Fourteen men died in the incident, a stark reminder that not all war deaths happen in combat. Indeed, 35,946 men in the Army Air Forces died in nonhostile incidents, only about 10,000 less than those who died in battle.

In his 30 missions, Rowland lost but one man, though he tears up talking about it: a bombardier who, just before takeoff in England, was showing the crew photos of a newborn son. An hour later, once they were in flight, a German artillery shell exploded in the plane’s nose, killing the man.

“I thought of writing a letter to his wife — it wasn’t my duty — but what can you say that would console her?”

Epilogue: Rowland, 90, spent much of his life as an engineer working contracts for the government. He only recently moved back to Eugene to live near a son.

G. Hanley Barker

Age 93 |
Hometown: Seattle
| Aviation radioman
third class | Navy |
Stateside

Served in Seattle as an
aviation radioman. Was
assigned to the USS
Saratoga, but the war
ended.



Donald Miller

Age 87 |
Hometown:
Calumet City,
Ill. | Aviation
machinist’s mate
first class | Navy |
Europe, Pacific

Spent 2½ years at Pearl
Harbor after the attack.
Aircraft mechanic on
carriers.



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CALLED TO DUTY

Joseph R. Cooley

Age 86 |
 Hometown: Eugene
 | Staff sergeant,
 17th Airborne
 Division ("Thunder
 From Heaven") |
 Army | Europe |
 Bronze Star

*"Best sight I ever
 saw in my life
 was when the
 American half-
 track came down
 over the hill to
 about where we
 were. Why, I could
 have kissed every
 one of those guys."*

— JOSEPH COOLEY,
 ON BEING RESCUED AFTER ESCAPING
 FROM A GERMAN POW CAMP



‘Germans pounced on us’

Joseph Cooley's frostbite hadn't even set in yet when, amid the Battle of the Bulge, his fighting days were over. Cooley was taken prisoner after two days in the cold and snow southeast of Bastogne, Belgium. He wasn't alone. About 120 members of the 17th Airborne Division's 513th Parachute Infantry Regiment were forced to walk 187 miles to a prisoner of war camp in Hammelburg. "We ran out of ammo, and the Germans pounced on us like a rooster on a June bug," says Cooley, who grew up in Eugene. "A German officer under a flag of truce met with an executive officer of our battalion, who accepted the offer. He knew we were done." What the men left would become the largest and bloodiest battle that the United States fought in World War II; 19,000 Americans would be killed, 47,500 wounded and 23,000 never found. Not that Hammelburg, about 70 miles east of Frankfurt, would be a picnic. In subfreezing temperatures,



Cooley during the war

the prisoners were housed in refitted horse stables that had triple-deck bunks. Breakfast was tea, lunch a little bread, dinner a few potatoes, Cooley says.

In his 92 days of captivity, his weight dropped from 185 pounds to 145. His stomach roiled in pain. The prisoners weren't tortured, but a guard who learned Cooley's eardrums had ruptured after a serious bout of flu took devilish pleasure in yelling in the man's ears. "We went through a lot of mind games," Cooley says. "What got us through was having some buddy you could talk to. I remember this guy listing off every candy bar ever made. And I read when I could: the Bible and 'The Life and Times of Johann Sebastian Bach.'" Lice, dysentery and filth ruled the day. An 8-foot-high barbed-wire fence surrounded the camp, with only a single raised guard box. After three months, Cooley and a buddy from New Hampshire decided to attempt an escape. They fashioned a pair of oversized scissors made from mattress braces and, one night, cut through the wire fence. They hid in an outbuilding, stran-

gled a chicken for food, and were never tracked down; the next day, the other prisoners were transported to a different location. Within a week, the first of thousands of American troops arrived. "Seeing that half-track down the road was the most joyous sight I've seen," Cooley says. "We knew we were home free." Two things kept him alive, he says. "My Irish stubbornness and anger at the Krauts. I wasn't going to let them get the best of me." He spent a month in an Army hospital recovering from frostbite and colitis. "I checked out an M1 (rifle) and went after that guard who would scream in my ears," he says. "I never found him, but I swear if I had I would have killed him."

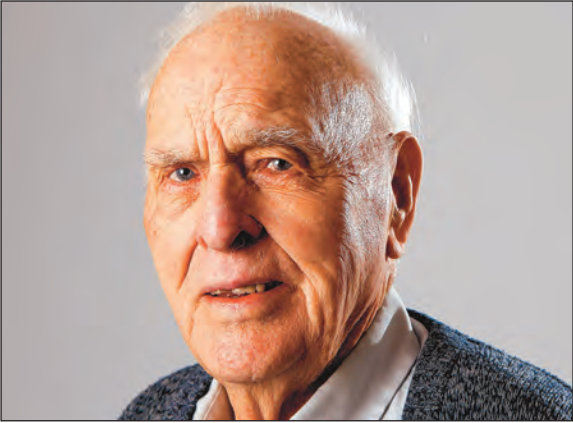
Epilogue: Cooley, 86, worked an array of jobs; "filled out eight W-2 forms one year." He and his wife, Ruth, raised a family and now live in Junction City.



William "Bill" C. Thomason

Age 92 | Hometown: Eugene | Army tech
 five | Army | Pacific

Served near Marshall Islands, then stateside.



Dan Heryford

Age 85 | Hometown: Butte Falls, Ore. |
 Pharmacist's mate | Navy | Stateside

Hospital corpsman at a Naval air station in the Mojave Desert.



William "Bill" Harder Jr.

Age 89 | Hometown: Hammond, Ind. |
 Lieutenant junior grade, USS Mountrail |
 Navy | Pacific

Involved in landings in the Philippines and Okinawa.

Lehman "Chalky" White

Age 92 | Hometown:
 Springfield, Mo. |
 Colonel | Army Air
 Corps | Pacific

Navigator on B-17. Shot
 down over New Guinea.
 Completed 56 missions.

*"We got shot down
 over the jungle,
 and it took us eight
 weeks to walk back
 out of the jungle ...
 Of the 10 people on
 the crew, only two
 of us made it out."*

— CHALKY WHITE, ON SURVIVING
 HIS B-17 CRASH IN NEW GUINEA



Charlie Henry

Age 91 | Hometown: Reading, Pa. |
 Lieutenant, USS San Diego | Navy | Pacific

Radar officer on an anti-aircraft cruiser. The San Diego was the second-most-decorated ship of WWII and was the first major Allied warship to enter Tokyo Bay after the surrender of Japan.

CALLED TO DUTY



Vurl L. Beck

Age 95 | Hometown: Coburg | Sergeant | Army | Pacific | Bronze Star, Purple Heart
Served at Guadalcanal, Palau and the Philippines. Part of advance party to Japan.
“I was a little older than a lot of these fellas I was with, and you’re more cautious, I believe. You look the situation over more than an 18-year-old would. They walk right into stuff.”
— VURL BECK, ON ONE OF THE REASONS HE SURVIVED COMBAT



Wallace Barrong

Age 88 | Hometown: Okolona, Ark. | Pharmacist’s mate second class, USS Repose | Navy | Pacific
Served on a hospital ship that passed through the eye of a typhoon in 1945.



Kit Kittelson

Age 86 | Hometown: Malta, Mont. | Radioman third class, LST-526, USS Wisconsin | Navy | Europe, North Africa
Served most of the war on a Landing Ship, Tank.
“Coming out of the Great Depression, well, we never had a lot of food where we were anyway. And when I got into the Navy, it was really nice: three meals a day and a bed and everything.”
— KIT KITTELSON

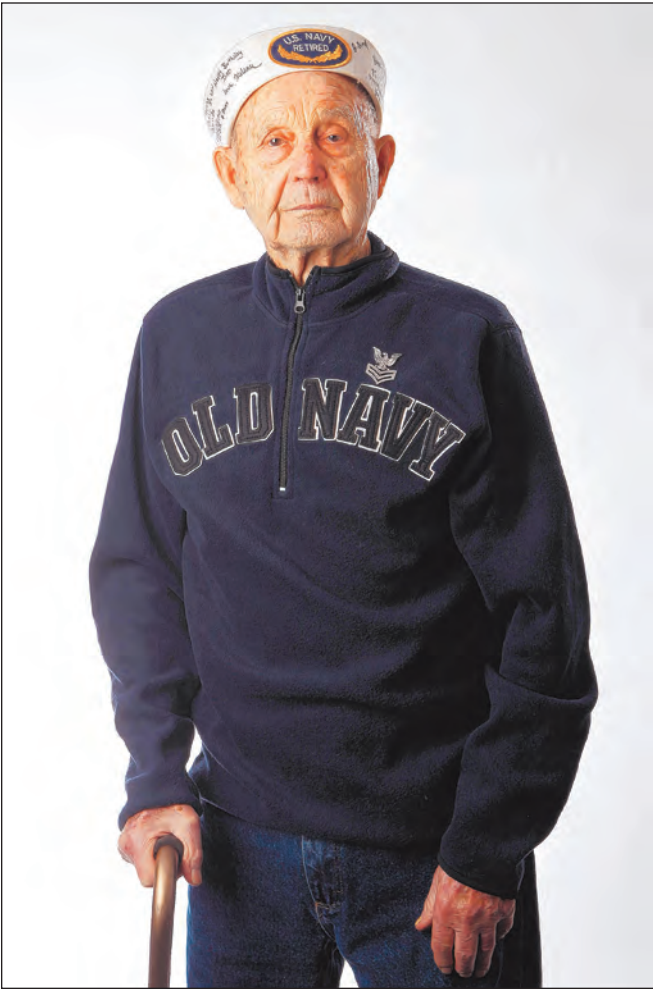


Sally Lou Bonzer

Age 93 | Hometown: Kenosha, Wis. | Captain, 45th Field Hospital | Army | Europe | French Legion of Honor
Part of first group of nurses to set foot in France after D-Day. Spent a year with the 45th Field Hospital, patching wounded soldiers from Normandy to Germany.
“Actually, I was never afraid, because I don’t think I knew any better. I’d never been in a war.”
— SALLY BONZER, ON BEING NEAR THE FRONT LINES IN A FIELD HOSPITAL IN FRANCE

Ken Miller

Age 91 | Hometown: Eugene | Torpedoman first class, USS Lamson | Navy | Pacific
Served on several destroyers, including one that was escorting the carrier force when Pearl Harbor was attacked.



Jackson Davis

Age 89 | Hometown: Seattle | Boatswain’s mate, USS Roustabout | Navy | Pacific
Served aboard supply ships in the Pacific, mainly the Aleutians.



William Gier

Age 89 | Hometown: Los Angeles | Private first class | Army | Europe
DROVE AN AMBULANCE AS A MEDIC IN EUROPE.

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CALLED TO DUTY



Raymond Laferty

Age 91 | Hometown: Horton, Ore. | Private first class | Army | Europe
 Worked in a radio intelligence group.



Leonard Jensen

Age 91 | Hometown: Eugene | Corporal | Army | Pacific | Bronze Star
 Served with the combat engineers.



Barbara Brown

Age 86 | Hometown: West Lafayette, Ind. | Lieutenant junior grade | Navy | Stateside
 Taught pilot simulation with a Link Trainer in Pensacola, Fla. Pilot herself.

Charles Griswold

Age 91 | Hometown: Waldport | Chief machinist's mate, USS Bridge | Navy | Pacific

One of five brothers who survived serving during the war. Shown holding the certificate given to mariners upon crossing the equator.



Kenneth Hatlelid

Age 91 | Hometown: Columbus, N.D. | Technician third grade, 90th Infantry Division, 607th Tank Destroyer Battalion | Army | Europe
 Part of five major campaigns in a reconnaissance company, from Normandy to Czechoslovakia.

Frank H. Rile

Age 95 | Hometown: Detroit, Mich. | Lieutenant commander, USS Smith | Navy | Pacific | Navy Cross

Earned the Navy's highest award (shown below) for service as damage control officer when his ship was struck by a torpedo, killing 55 crew members, during the Battle of Santa Cruz.

"I still grieve for those shipmates of mine. My roommate, my best friend, Ensign Scott, another friend, and all my enlisted friends. And I think of 55 families. All that grief at those men lost. Oh yes, I still grieve."

— FRANK RILE



Preston Callison

Age 88 | Hometown: Columbia, S.C. | Sergeant | Army Air Corps | Pacific
 Radio mechanic during Iwo Jima and Okinawa campaigns.

"Twenty-eight thousand human beings were killed in 30 days. That's killed. Twenty thousand Marines wounded in 30 days at Iwo Jima. ... The Marines were heroic."
 — PRESTON CALLISON



Henry Dizney

Age 85 | Hometown: Kirkwood, Mo. | Private first class | Army | Europe | Bronze Star

Served in the infantry in Europe, particularly Germany and Czechoslovakia.
"During combat, it's just: dirty ... grubby ... lousy ... cold ... wet ... hungry ... uncomfortable ... scared ..."
 — HENRY DIZNEY

Unwrapping a festive, gilded holiday season

DASH MAGAZINE



YOUNG PROFESSIONALS

Local business leaders recognized BUSINESS, B4

20 under 40

The Register-Guard

EUGENE, OREGON

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 7, 2011

75 CENTS

UO still working on EMU project

Officials are headed back to the drawing board to find a plan that students can back

By GREG BOLT
The Register-Guard

Students at the University of Oregon still could see a major makeover of their two largest facilities, but the projects almost certainly will be delayed and could end up looking different from what had been proposed initially.

Even though students last week rejected a new fee to help pay for the \$160 million undertaking, UO officials on Tuesday said they'll try to come up with a plan that can win student approval. How long that could take isn't clear, but the earliest students could vote on a new plan is most likely during spring term.

Robin Holmes, the UO's vice president for student affairs, said she wasn't surprised that the vote was relatively close given the cost to students and the overall price tag. She said she'll sit down with student leaders soon to discuss the project and see how it can be revised to meet their concerns.

"It is not unusual at all for referendums to fail, at least one time," she said. "This is not a scenario we haven't talked about or anticipated in some way."

The UO hopes to complete major expansions and renovations of its two largest student centers, the Erb Memorial Union and Student Recreation Center. Officials say both are too small for the enrollment the university now has and lack the space and amenities to serve student needs.

The plan students rejected called for paying \$112 million of the cost through bonds that would be repaid by imposing a new student fee. But at \$100 a term, or \$300 a year, the cost presented a hurdle for students who already have had to pay sub-

Turn to **EMU**, Page A6

CALLED TO DUTY

Day Four of our tribute to WWII veterans



PAUL CARTER/The Register-Guard

Sam Fryefield

Age 89 | Hometown: Wilmington, Calif.
| Chief disbursing clerk, USS Detroit | Navy | Pacific

"I heard an explosion. ... A torpedo had hit the USS Utah ... and (I) realized, 'We're at war!'"

— SAM FRYEFIELD



Sam Fryefield in 1944

A final salute

By BOB WELCH
The Register-Guard

The end will come on Dec. 31. After 53 years, the Pearl Harbor Survivors Association will cease to exist — its final day just as expected as the Japanese attack that led to its formation was unexpected.

What was at its peak a membership of 28,000 has dwindled to fewer than 3,000. Conventions that once drew more than 1,000 survivors dipped to fewer than 100.

After a unanimous 8-0 vote among the association's board in September, last year's convention in San Diego was deemed the last.

"It's a sad thing, but I'm reconciled to it," says Sam Fryefield of Eugene, director of the 1st District (Western states). "We're all getting old. It's been fun. We've had a lot of nice conventions, but now it's sort of sayonara."

It was an ironic choice of words for a farewell, given that the Japanese bombing of the United States' Pacific fleet triggered America's entry into the deadliest war in history.

As Fryefield headed for breakfast on the USS Detroit on Dec. 7, 1941, the prospect of America entering World War II had become a question for which the answer was not "if" but "when" and "where." A disquieting certainty.

Political friction between the United States and Japan had become like tectonic plates on the bottom of the sea: nothing that anybody could see but, at some point, certain to send shock waves far and wide.

The attack on Pearl Harbor 70 years ago today was the earthquake that set those waves in motion.

"I was topside at the rear rail, and I heard an explosion aft," says Fryefield, now 89, then a 19-year-old storekeeper third class. "I looked back and debris was hurtling down from the explosion of a ship, which was docked on the other side of Ford Island from us." It all happened so fast, context was impossible. Then Fryefield saw it.

"A plane dropped a torpedo, and I saw the meatball insignia on the plane, the red insignia for Japan," says Fryefield, who grew up in Los Angeles. "Suddenly, we were headed for our battle stations."

America was at war.

The Detroit wasn't damaged, but the attack damaged all eight U.S. Navy battleships, four of which sank. The Japanese also sank or damaged three cruisers, three destroyers, an anti-aircraft training ship and a minelayer.

When the roughly two-hour attack was over, 2,402 Americans had been killed and 1,282 wounded.

The Detroit put out to sea quickly to lessen the chances of being hit; Fryefield saw little of the carnage amid the smoke and flames.

But the memories of that day will never leave him, even if he and other survivors gather now only in spirit and not body.

"All I can say," Fryefield says, "is it makes me feel sad."

Epilogue: Fryefield spent much of his life as a bridge and safety engineer in California, retiring in 1979. He and his wife, Betty Jean, moved to Eugene in 2006 to be near their son, David Fryefield, a radiation oncologist and medical director at Willamette Valley Cancer Institute.

DAY FOUR OF A FOUR-PART SERIES

◆ Our salute to WWII veterans concludes, with stories and photos on Page A1 and in a special section/**SECTION E**

More on the Web, including audio slide-shows, more photos and a video, at registerguard.com



INSIDE

◆ Attack survivors return/**A3**
◆ A football team's Pearl/**C1**

This portrait by Zachary Chee is one of many sent to Jay Leno from Creswell students.



Leno gives Creswell students a minute of fame

By SUSAN PALMER
The Register-Guard

CRESWELL — Jay who? Dave who?

Creswell Middle School students could be forgiven for not recognizing the names of the nation's most-entrenched late-night talk show hosts.

But they sure as heck know

the dudes now.

Jay Leno gave the students and teacher Anna Baltrusch — as well as some pretty cute pictures — his undivided attention in a segment last week that poked fun at Leno's comedic rival, David Letterman.

The two have been fixtures on late-night TV for decades, Leno as host of NBC's "Tonight

Show" and Letterman as host of "The Late Show With David Letterman" on CBS.

Baltrusch, a science and language teacher who also handles art instruction, came up with the idea of having her students do portraits of the two comedians after a colleague mentioned that Letterman often uses the artwork that people send him

on the show.

So Baltrusch brought pictures of the two comics to class as a final project in a section on portraiture. She figured she'd fire off the results to the Letter-

Turn to **LENO**, Page A6

See the segment at www.creswell.k12.or.us/wp

IN THE NEWS

NATION

Occupy Wall Street activists are reclaiming foreclosed homes in a tactical shift for their protest movement against corporate greed/**A4**

WORLD

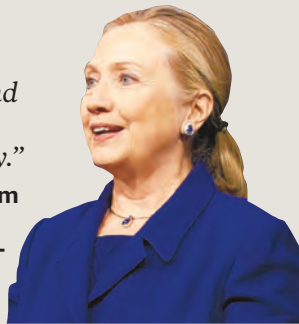
A blast slaughters Shiite worshippers in Kabul, fanning fears that Afghanistan may be heading into a period of sectarian conflict/**A5**

CITY/REGION

A circuit court judge will hear arguments today for and against putting Lane County's disputed new political boundaries up to a public vote/**B1**

QUOTABLE >>

"Gay rights are human rights, and human rights are gay rights. It should never be a crime to be gay."
— Secretary of State Hillary Rodham Clinton, declaring that the U.S. will use foreign aid as a lever in its support of gay rights worldwide/**A4**



COMING UP

The Eugene Concert Choir will serve up everything from J.S. Bach to John Lennon in its Christmas concert/**Thursday in Oregon Life**



The destroyer USS Shaw explodes during the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, Dec. 7, 1941.



The Associated Press

Called to Duty

Our salute to local WWII veterans in commemoration of the 70th anniversary of Pearl Harbor

Wednesday, December 7, 2011

A special section of The Register-Guard

Section E

William "Bill" Kunkle

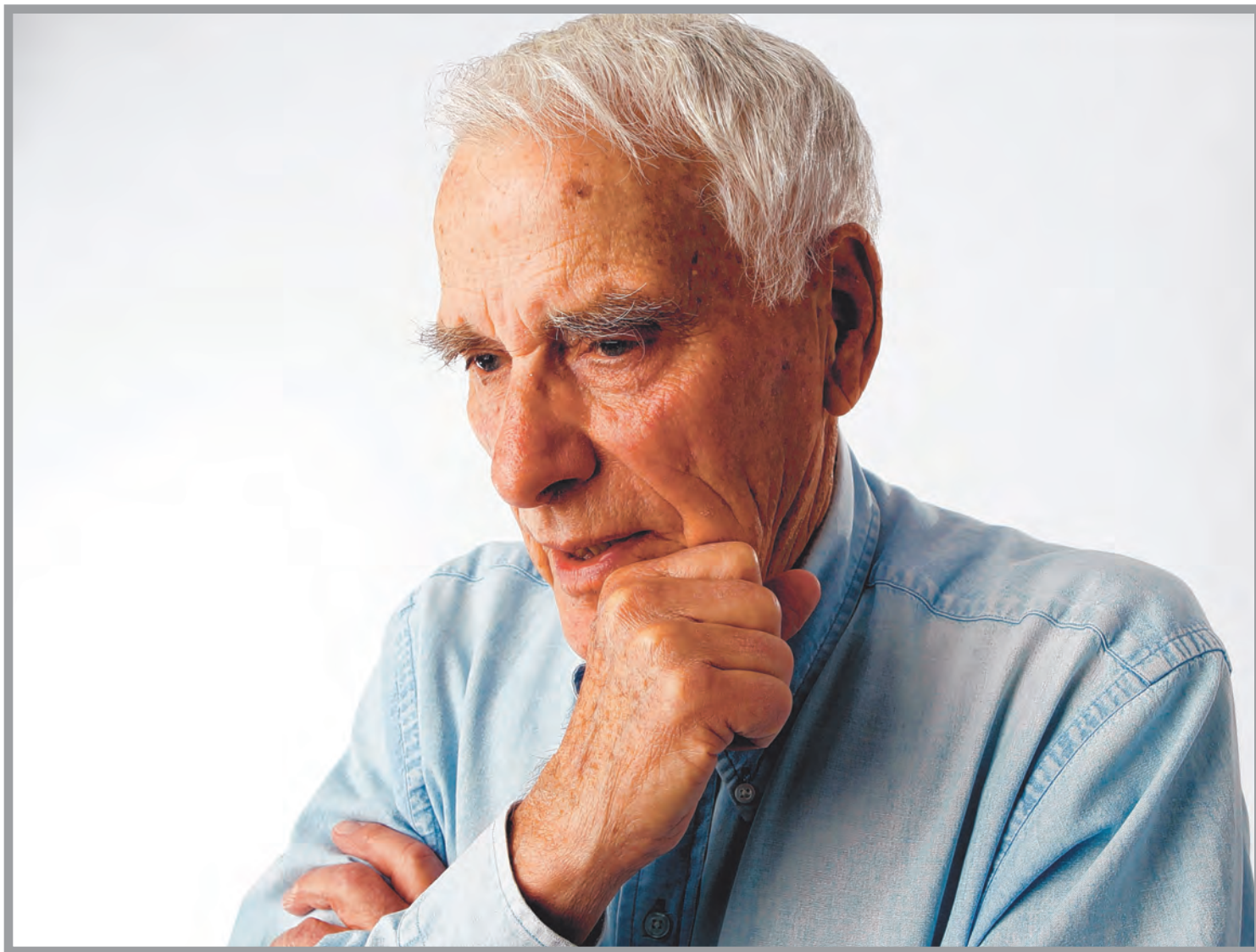
Age 86 | Hometown: Philip, S.D. | Medical corpsman first class | Navy, Marines | Pacific

"I was a medical corpsman, and we saw the worst of the worst. You'd sit with people when they died"

— BILL KUNKLE



Bill Kunkle, in uniform as a police officer in 1949. He threw out his war photos.



'Blood and oil seeping up'

He wanted to serve in the military so badly that he altered his birth certificate, making a "5" look like a "3," as if, born in 1923, he would appear to be 18 instead of 16.

But after 16 months as a medic he was so shell-shocked and guilt-ridden that the Navy sent him home.

In his Harrisburg house, Bill Kunkle, 86, is a living, breathing, aching reminder of the lingering effects of war.

He was a medical corpsman stationed at Pearl Harbor Naval Hospital. While he arrived nearly a year after the December 1941 Japanese attack, he treated some of its victims and saw "the worst of the worst" of others seriously wounded in the South Pacific.

"I would sit with these guys and

watch them die, and there was nothing I could do," he says. "I felt so helpless. This went on for day after day, week after week, month after month."

His memories are barbed, his body language telling. Hands in face. Arms crossed. Eyes glistening.

"The ships were still upside down in the harbor," he says. "There was still blood and oil seeping up from the bay."

Kunkle originally joined the Marines and was in boot camp before his forgery was discovered. By then he was 17 and eligible for the Navy.

"The burn victims were the worst," he says. "We just didn't have any medication for that. So slow to heal. So painful. I remember lifting this one guy and..." — he buries his

face in his hands, then mumbles, "his skin came off in my hands."

He remembers watching a young man from his hometown, Pierre, S.D., die. "Guys without limbs. Guys who were burned. Guys mentally shot."

Soon, so was Kunkle, not surprising given that, technically, he worked in what the military recognized as a combat zone.

He was honorably discharged in January 1944 and, by his own admission, has never recovered.

Nightmares. Fear of crowds — he couldn't attend a football game, for example. And unending guilt.

He quit a police job in South Dakota because carnage at an accident scene brought it all back. Quit another job because he couldn't be around so many other people. Fi-

nally found a career as an insurance claims adjuster, working alone.

Recent counseling has helped. Xanax calms the anxiety. But what's really saved him, he says, has been a loving, understanding wife, Marvel.

On the day he was interviewed, she was visiting a grandson in Hawaii. "I couldn't go there, no way," Kunkle says. "I still see the blood and oil in the water."

Epilogue: A freelance photographer, Kunkle won a federal arts grant to do an exhibit on the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation in South Dakota. In Oregon, he photographed John Kennedy and Robert Kennedy as they campaigned for president. He and his wife, Marvel, have twin adult sons.



Barbara Wright, 1943

Barbara Wright

Age 88 | Hometown: Monroe | Storekeeper third class, 6th Naval District | Coast Guard | Stateside

Part of SPARS, the Coast Guard's version of the Navy's WAVES.



Henry Boyles

Age 86 | Hometown: Mangum, Texas | Seaman second class, USS Independence | Navy | Pacific


Served aboard a light aircraft carrier.


"I notice as I get older, this stuff starts coming back more. And now that I've lost my wife, it seems like I have more time to think about that."

— HENRY BOYLES

STORIES BY BOB WELCH
PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL CARTER
The Register-Guard

More at registerguard.com
>> Day four of a four-day series

 View a slideshow of the veterans pictured here, along with photos taken during their time in the service

 Listen to audio of many of the veterans as they recall their experiences during the war

 Watch a video of a behind-the-scenes look at how this project came about

CALLED TO DUTY



Herb Fortner

Age 89 | Hometown: Pomona, Calif. | Corporal | Army | Europe

Captured by the Germans and held as a POW at Stalag 7A for 99 days. Shown holding his German-issued ID tag and also an Army-issued soup spoon that he used in the prison camp.



Happy Allied prisoners at Stalag 7A on the day it was liberated, April 27, 1945



Delbert Chastain

Age 86 | Hometown: Lebanon | Radioman first class, USS Hinsdale | Navy | Pacific

Served at Iwo Jima. Ship struck by kamikaze off Okinawa.



Robert “Dutch” Helling

Age 89 | Hometown: Faribault, Minn. | Ensign | Navy | Pacific

PB4-Y2 Privateer navigator at Okinawa.

“Scared. Scared my pants off. I didn’t think I’d get back.”

— DUTCH HELLING, ON THE REALITY OF WAR



Harvey Schuman

Age 88 | Hometown: Mount Vernon, Wash. | Seaman first class, USS Coghlan | Navy | Pacific

Took part in seven major invasions aboard a destroyer.



Frank Alderson

Age 86 | Hometown: Trenton, Mo. | Coxswain | Navy | Pacific

Trained for amphibious landings. Served in the Marshall Islands. Shown holding the walking stick in which he carved important episodes in his life, including his Navy service (wearing battle gear, above).

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CALLED TO DUTY

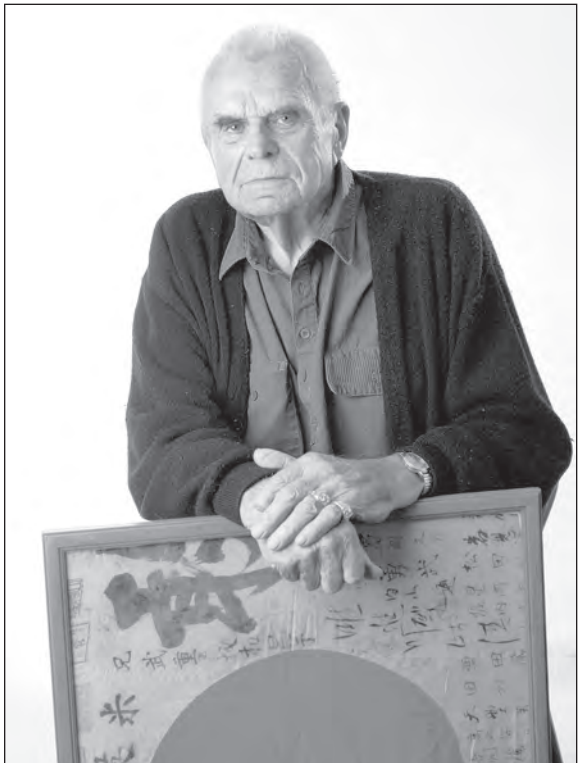
William Hayes

Age 87 | Hometown: Oxford, Neb. | Private first class, 101st Airborne | Army | Europe | Bronze Star, Purple Heart

Took part in Normandy invasion, Battle of the Bulge.

“My platoon got down to 13 or 14 guys. And there were only a few who got through there without either frozen feet or a Purple Heart.”

— WILLIAM HAYES, ON HIS EXPERIENCE FIGHTING AFTER D-DAY



Al “Bud” Bartzat

Age 92 | Hometown: Raymond, Neb. | Sergeant | Army | Pacific | Two Bronze Stars

Fought in the Philippine and Okinawa campaigns. Shown with a Japanese flag.

Harry T. Hance

Age 91 | Hometown: Westerville, Ohio | Major, 8th Air Force | Army Air Corps | Europe | Bronze Star

Drafted as a buck private, worked his way up to executive assistant adjutant general of 1st Air Division in England.



Allan Luce

Age 85 | Hometown: Salinas, Calif. | Signalman third class, USS Edgcombe | Navy | Pacific

Sent and received visual messages between ships. Involved in landings at Okinawa. Shown demonstrating one of the flag positions with which a signalman could send messages to nearby ships in daylight.



Earle Foley

Age 92 | Hometown: Whitesboro, N.Y. | Staff sergeant | Army | North Africa, Europe

Served in Sicily, France, Germany and at the Bulge.

“My last mission was in the Bulge, which I think was the worst time of my period in the service, because it was so cold. And wet. ... The thing we wanted was dry socks.”

— EARLE FOLEY

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CALLED TO DUTY



Fred Meyers



Frank Meyers



Charles Meyers



Kenneth Meyers



Rod Meyers



Joe Meyers

Above: The six Meyers brothers in their wartime portraits. Charles Meyers went down with his ship in Leyte Gulf in 1944.

Right: Brothers Rod (left) and Joe.

Rod Meyers

Age 84 | Hometown: Eugene | **Fireman first class, USS Wadleigh | Navy | Pacific**

Served on a destroyer, one of the first ships into Tokyo Bay. One of six brothers who served during the war. One was killed.

Joe Meyers

Age 93 | Hometown: Eugene | **Staff sergeant | Army Air Corps | North Africa, Europe**

Worked in radio maintenance.



Paul DeLange

Age 88 | Hometown: Los Angeles | **Corporal | Army | Europe**

Went in at Omaha Beach on D-Day. Took photographs at Buchenwald concentration camp.



James L. Haines

Age 92 | Hometown: Franklin, Neb. | **Technical sergeant | Army | North Africa**

Worked in admissions at the 40th Station Hospital.



Jim Rumelhart

Age 86 | Hometown: Klamath Falls | **Private first class | Army | Europe | French Croix de Guerre**

Infantry in France and Germany. "Walked to Berlin." Spent 125 days on the front lines. Was a bodyguard for Gen. Dwight Eisenhower.

Alfred Allen

Age 94 | Hometown: Cottage Grove | **Major | Army | Pacific**

Was in Hawaii in anti-aircraft before being shipped to Okinawa.



Gilbert Sampson

Age 88 | Hometown: Stevenson, Wash. | **Technical sergeant, 390th Anti-aircraft Artillery Automatic Weapons Battalion (Self-Propelled) | Army | Europe**

Went from Utah Beach to Czechoslovakia in a halftrack unit.



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CALLED TO DUTY



Marilyn Murdock

Age 90 | Apollo, Pa.
| First lieutenant |
Army | Europe

“I was on the coast of England when they landed at Normandy, and we got patients within hours after the invasion. ... They came in with many bad casualties. That was the worst part of it. ... You know, I still have dreams about that. There are several things that I can’t forget.”

— MARILYN MURDOCK

‘We didn’t sleep at all’

For Marilyn Murdock, World War II was the twining of pain and anguish with pride and adventure, a mixed bag that she wouldn’t have missed for the world.

“It made me a better person,” says Murdock, one of nearly 60,000 American women who served in the Army Nurse Corps in World War II. (Men weren’t allowed to be nurses.) “I became more interested in the world. I met people from all over the world. I grew up in the Army.”

Now 90, Murdock was 20 years old when, as a newly minted registered nurse, she decided to enlist. (Nurses never were drafted.) She favored the Navy, but with an invasion of Europe approaching it was the Army that needed nurses most.

Murdock understood why on June 6, 1944, when the wounded from the D-Day landings began arriving at the 112th General Hospital in Torquay, about 150 miles southwest of London, near the English Channel.

“They came in on trains from the coast, and it was bad,” she says. “I remember going to one patient, and he was unconscious. I lifted his head, and his pillow was damp with spinal fluids. I knew he’d never make it.”



First Lt. Marilyn Murdock’s military ID card

He didn’t.

She and the other nurses had never seen anything like this back in the States.

“We didn’t sleep at all that first night,” she says. “Just took care of the wounded.”

The waiting line was backed up beyond the doors. And if that weren’t challenge enough, the power went out.

“I remember this one soldier in a body cast complaining that his whole body was itching,” Murdock says. “We shined a flashlight under his cast and saw them: hundreds of maggots.”

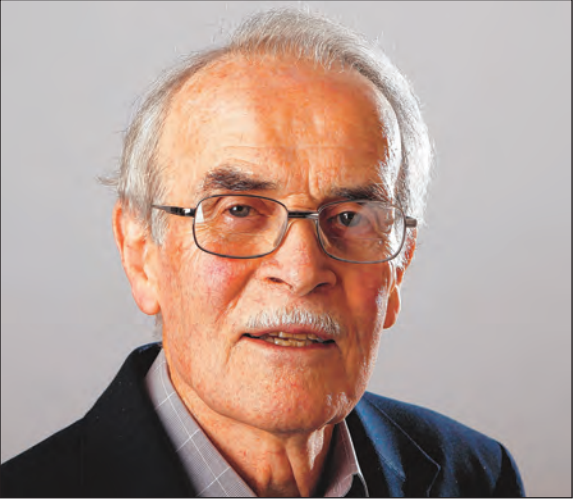
Brain injuries. Bullet wounds. Fractures. The nurses saw it all, particularly during the invasion in 1944 and, at year’s end, the Battle of the Bulge near the Belgium-Germany border.

A few soldiers could be pains in the neck. “But most were grateful for anything we could do to help them,” Murdock says. “They treated us with respect.”

And the doctors? “I never remember a doctor being rude to a nurse,” she says, which wasn’t always the case back home. “War leveled the playing field. We had a common cause and were treated as equals.”

Regrets? “None,” she says. “It would have been awful to not have been in the Army during the war.”

Epilogue: Murdock spent 35 years as a nurse and moved to Eugene in 1983 with her husband, Royal, to be near a son.



Al B. Adams

Age 87 | Hometown: Glendale, Calif. |
Storekeeper second class | Navy | Pacific

Served in Australia, New Guinea and the Admiralty Islands. Brother died on a submarine.



Donald C. Beeson

Age 90 | Hometown: Lakeview |
Pharmacist’s mate second class, LST-475 and 270 | Navy | Pacific

Served aboard a landing ship, tanks, in the South Pacific.



Austin Pitcher

Age 87 | Hometown: Rujada | Master
sergeant | Army | Europe

Infantry man at Hürtgen Forest, Remagen, the Bulge, among other operations.

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CALLED TO DUTY



Glen E. Hassler

Age 94 | Hometown: Woodstock, Ill. | Petty officer first class | Navy | Pacific
Served at Kwajalein, Tinian.



Robert Boaz

Age 88 | Hometown: Aberdeen, S.D. | Shipfitter first class | Navy | Pacific
Participated in the invasion of Okinawa. Shown with Chinese vases he bought during a port call.



Keith Cobban

Age 86 | Hometown: McCoy, Ore. | Technical sergeant third class | Army | Europe
Automotive mechanic in a signal company.



Lew Tanner

Age 87 | Hometown: Los Angeles | Private first class, 398th Engineer Regiment | Army | Europe
Part of replacement troops on front lines at the Battle of the Bulge. Drew humorous cartoons about his experience.



Donovan H. McNeale

Age 99 | Hometown: Eugene | Private first class, 430th Anti-Aircraft Artillery Battalion | Army | Europe
Born in England (lost relatives on the Titanic), fought throughout Europe. Shown after basic training in Texas.



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– General Dwight D. Eisenhower

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CALLED TO DUTY

Ted Schwartz

Age 94 | Hometown: Sandy | Staff sergeant, 346th Engineers | Army | Europe | Bronze star

“If you get on shore and if you could still walk or even crawl, you kept going. That’s all there was to it. ... It wasn’t very good. No fun. I’d just as soon forget about it. ... That time comes back once in a while. ...”

—TED SCHWARTZ, ON HIS D-DAY EXPERIENCE



‘The odor, my God’

The bookends to Ted Schwartz’s war were Omaha Beach and the Buchenwald concentration camp, two versions of hell on Earth. In between? An incident of hope that, 66 years later, moistens the eyes of the 94-year-old Florence man. Schwartz grew up in Sandy, a brawny lumberjack who moonlighted by taking climbers up and down Mount Hood for \$10 a day. Drafted in 1942, he was a platoon sergeant in the 346th Engineers that landed at Normandy, France’s Omaha Beach in D-Day’s second wave. The regiment’s only advantage was that, with the first wave already scrambling ashore, the waiting Germans had more targets to choose from. Better survival odds. “If anyone tells you we weren’t afraid,” he says, “they’re all wet.” The smell of diesel. The thud of exploding artillery. The crack of rifle

fire. The feel of wet and cold and fear. “Awful,” Schwartz says. “Guys dropped out of the boats and drowned.” Their 50-pound packs anchored them to the sandy bottom of the English Channel. Everywhere, confusion. Rough seas. Only five of the 16 engineering groups arrived at their assigned locations. Using explosives, their job was to clear beach obstacles designed to rip the hulls off landing craft with the rising tides: Belgian gates, hedgehogs and lines of logs driven in the sand, angled toward the sea like do-not-enter parking-lot spikes. Nineteen engineers alone died or were wounded when German artillery fire detonated the Allies’ explosives. Forty percent of engineers didn’t make it beyond the beach. “Chaos,” Schwartz says. “We couldn’t get anywhere on the beach, until we found some shelter.”

Shelter? Beyond the German obstacles, what was available? The craters that were supposed to have been pocked in the sand by Allied planes were few and far between. “Bodies,” Schwartz says. “It’s a nasty thing to say, but it’s the truth.” Ten months later, he would find them piled higher at Buchenwald, where more than 56,000 people — mainly Jewish prisoners — died. On April 4, 1945, the U.S. 89th Infantry Division became the first unit to liberate a concentration or death camp in Germany. The 346th Engineers weren’t far behind. “The odor, my God,” Schwartz says. “We were thinking: Let’s get the bastards (Germans) and throw them in the trenches themselves. Then, we figured, why make the bad worse?” Did anything, he’s asked, make you proud during the war? “After the Battle of the Bulge,” he says, “we

were kind of numb. ‘What are we doing here?’” Then, while on patrol just across the German-Belgian border, he saw them: two little German girls, huddled in the snow outside a village. “I could speak a little German, so I asked if they were hungry and they nodded,” he says. He told them to return with a wagon. When they left, he took an offering among the men — K rations, soups, even chocolate. “The girls were so happy they jumped around,” he says, eyes turning glassy. “It lightened our load. “Instead of killing someone, instead of taking, we got to give.”

Epilogue: After the war, Ted Schwartz “did nothing but fish” for a few weeks. He later became a contractor, moved to Yachats and, with his wife, Dorothy, settled in Florence three years ago.

The response to newspaper’s offer was overwhelming

When The Register-Guard put out a call for World War II veterans to be photographed and to tell us their stories, we expected a few dozen people to show up between Nov. 8 and 11. Instead, we got 130 veterans, all but one of whose photos we’ve published at some point in the four-part series. The exception was 88-year-old George “Rusty” Mayer of Eugene, who died on Nov. 21, about two weeks after his photo session. Columnist Bob Welch featured Mayer



Martin Garren Jr.

in his Dec. 1 column. Meanwhile, Martin Garren, 86, of Eugene was unable to make his photo session because of illness. He died Nov. 22. Such losses are one of the reasons we wanted to do this tribute on the 70-year anniversary of the United States’ entrance into the war, because many of today’s surviving World War II veterans won’t here for a 75th or 80th anniversary. We were contacted regarding some veterans who weren’t able to come in, so we honor their service in name only:

- ◆ James L. Grant
- ◆ Dr. Reg Ranyard
- ◆ LeRoy Fairchild
- ◆ Walt Dunden
- ◆ Oliver L. “Rip” Holo
- ◆ Dale Weaver
- ◆ William W. “Bill” Kingsley
- ◆ Les Breidenthal
- ◆ Allen Spores
- ◆ Ralph W. Olsen
- ◆ Ralph Watkins
- ◆ Austin B. Ragle
- ◆ Jules Verne Chamberlin
- ◆ Andy Maxon
- ◆ R.D. Burks
- ◆ James Cornell
- ◆ Howard Luckham
- ◆ Charlie Dillin
- ◆ Gale E. Tidball
- ◆ Ethel Ledley
- ◆ Selma Garber

- ◆ Dale Headley
 - ◆ Alfred Tyson
 - ◆ Carl Wenzloff
 - ◆ Larry Pagter
- As promotion for the Dec. 4-7 series started and then after publication began, phone calls and e-mails flooded in to The Register-Guard. Could we include this soldier? That Marine? This person’s father? That person’s neighbor? We wish we could have found and featured every Lane County resident who served. But we hope the sample we did spotlight will serve as representatives for all, a reminder that, regardless of how much or how little attention these veterans have received, their legacies of honor will endure for a grateful country.

TO OUR TROOPS, WE'D SIMPLY LIKE TO SAY

“THANKS.”

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